

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

No. 145.—VOL. VI.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1876.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

PRICE SIXPENCE
By Post 6½d.



MISS LEIGHTON, AS CHORUS, IN "HENRY V."

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 RETURNING from Norwood Junction after the Races.
 J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

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JOHN SHAW, Manager and Secretary.

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April 25, 1876.

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"Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the MARAVILLA COCOA above all others."—Globe.

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SIX AND A HALF GUINEA BLACK SILK COSTUMES.—Engraving of Messrs. JAY'S Six and a Half Guinea Costumes forwarded on application, gratis. Also a Pattern of the quality of Black Silk from which these costumes are made.

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TEN-AND-A-HALF GUINEAS and upwards.

Messrs. JAY are SELLING a great number of BLACK SILK COSTUMES of excellent value, at 6½ guineas, including silk for a bodice; but at 10½ guineas and upwards they have superior and very elegant black silk costumes, trimmed with velvet, lace, and other fashionable garnitures, with materials (also included) for a bodice.

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PATTERNS FREE.—BLACK SILKS, bought at Lyons before the great rise in prices.—Messrs. JAY were fortunate enough to purchase, a week before the rise, at remarkably low prices, about £20,000 worth of BLACK SILKS, consequently they are now in a position to offer the following advantages to customers:—

Good BLACK SILKS, 3s. 1rd. per yard; present value, 5s. 3d.	
" " 4s. 9d. " " 6s. 3d.	
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By all receivers of patterns a comparison of the width and quality of Messrs. Jay's Silks is respectfully solicited by the firm.

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TWO guineas and 2½ guineas EVENING DRESSES.—The newest and most fashionable style, and made of non-crushing black tulle. Engravings of the same postage free on application.

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THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
Regent-street, W.

EXHIBITION OF CABINET PICTURES IN OIL.—Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—The TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is OPEN daily from 10 to 5. Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d.—R. F. McNAIR, Secretary.

MDME. TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-street. PORTRAIT MODELS of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, M.W.G.M. of Freemasons of England, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, Emperor and Empress of Germany, King Alfonso XII., Victor Emmanuel, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Dr. Kenealy, M.P. Costly Court Dresses. The complete line of British Monarchs, and 300 portrait Models of Celebrities, and the late Cardinal Antonelli. Admission, One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence. Extra Room, Sixpence. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS, Regent's Park, are OPEN daily (except Sunday). Admission, 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; Children always 6d. Amongst the most recent additions are four American Darters, placed in the Fish House; and two Esquimaux Dogs from Whale Sound, presented by Captain Allen Young, of the "Pandora."

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—

On Monday, Wednesday and Friday, MACBETH. Macbeth, Mr. Barry Sullivan. On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 7.45, RICHARD III. Richard III., Mr. Barry Sullivan. Messrs. H. Sinclair, J. F. Cathcart, C. Vandenhoff, F. W. Irish, H. Pyatt, F. Tyars, H. Russell, J. Johnston, R. Dolman, C. H. Fenton; Mrs. Hermann Vezin, Mesdames Fanny Huddart, E. Stuart, E. Collins, H. Coveney, C. Jecks and Miss and Master Grattan. Preceded by, at 7, THAT BEAUTIFUL BICEPS. To conclude with THE STORM FIEND. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—

On Monday, and during the week, MR. AND MRS. WHITE. After which, at a Quarter to Eight, a New and Original Historical Play, entitled JANE SHORE, written by W. G. Wills; Messrs. James Fernandez, J. W. Ford, B. Bentley, A. Revelle, F. Strickland, J. Smyth, B. Pedley, G. Weston, E. Price, Miss Heath, Mesdames A. Mellon, Manders, M. Brunet, Miss and Master Cootie. To conclude with at 10.15, a Comic Ballet entitled THE MAGIC FLUTE. Prices, 6d. to £3 3s. Doors open at Half-past Six; commence at Seven. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily.

ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.—

Every Evening, at 7, GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME. At 8, SHAUGHRAUN, Messrs. C. Sullivan, S. Emery, W. Terriss, Brittain Wright, W. McIntyre, J. G. Shore, H. Vaughan, and Mesdames Rose Coghlan, Hudspeth, Taylor, C. Nott, E. Phillips, &c. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—LAST WEEK

OF THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.—Monday, Nov. 27, Last Performance of Wagner's "Flying Dutchman"; Tuesday, 28, Mr. Santley's Benefit, Cagnoni's "Porter of Havre"; Wednesday, 29th, "Trovatore"; Thursday, 30th, F. H. Cowen's "Pauline"; Friday, Dec. 1st, "Fidelio"; Saturday Morning, 2nd, "Bohemian Girl"; Saturday Evening, 2nd, Last Night, Cherubini's "Water-Carrier."

BOX OFFICE OPEN Ten till Five. NO BOOKING FEES. Seats may also be secured at the Libraries, &c. Doors open at 7.30; commence at 8.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone.

Every Evening, at 7.30, the Comic Drama, A ROUGH DIAMOND, in which Mr. Buckstone will appear as Cousin Joe; Margery, Miss Lafontaine. After which, at 8.30, DAN'L DRUCE, BLACKSMITH, 6th time. Characters by Messrs. Hermann Vezin, Howe, Braid, Forbes Robertson, Odell, Weathersby, &c., and Miss Marion Terry. Conclude with a New Farcical Comedy, by C. M. Rae, Esq., entitled BIRDS IN THEIR LITTLE NESTS AGREE. Characters by Messrs. Kyrie, Gordon. Mesdames M. Harris, K. Irwin, Osborne, and E. Dietz. Doors open at 7. Carriages at 11. Box-office open 10 till 5.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—

SPECIAL MORNING PERFORMANCE.

At the request of many patrons of this Theatre a Morning Performance of DAN'L DRUCE, BLACKSMITH, will take place on Wednesday next, 29th November. Doors open at Two, commence at half-past. Carriages may be ordered at Half-past Four.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Lessees

Messrs. D. James and T. Thorne. Enormous success of OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron. Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, David James, C. W. Garthorne, J. P. Bernard, W. Lestock, A. Austin and Thomas Thorne. Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Free List entirely suspended. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

ROYAL ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—

Lessee and Manager, MRS. JOHN WOOD.—Mrs. John Wood in the character of Jenny Leatherlungs, and Mr. George Honey as Granby Gag in NILLSON OR NOTHING every evening. Miss Lydia Foote will appear in the drama of THE VIRGINIAN. On MONDAY and four following evenings at 7.30 will be presented the domestic Drama of THE VIRGINIAN. Messrs. S. Piercy, C. Cooper, Markby, Bauer, Benbrook, Darrell, and Mr. George Honey. Mesdames Lydia Foote, C. Cootie, Telbin, and Mrs. John Wood. To be followed by NILLSON OR NOTHING. Jenny Leatherlungs, Mrs. John Wood, in which character she will give her celebrated imitations of Opera Singers, and her inimitable song HIS HEART WAS TRUE TO POLL. Granby Gag, Mr. George Honey. Box office open from 10 till 5 daily. Doors open at 7. On Saturday next will be produced the comedy of LONDON ASSURANCE, with powerful cast of characters.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Alex. Henderson.

Immense success of the NEW COMEDY. Charles Wyndham, and the entire company much augmented. On Monday, and every evening during the week, the performance will commence at 7.30 with THE WALL OF CHINA; at 8, A TALE OF A TUB. Followed at 8.45 by a farcical Comedy, in three acts, entitled, HOT WATER, from Melihac and Halévy. Characters by Mr. Charles Wyndham, Mr. E. Righton, Mr. J. B. Rae, Mr. H. Standing, Mr. J. Clarke, Mr. H. Ashley, Mr. J. Anderson, Mr. J. Francis, Mr. Ridley, Master Rivers, Miss Fanny Josephs, Miss Nelly Bromley, Miss Eastlake, Miss M. Davis, Miss Edith Bruce, Miss M. Holme. Seats can be secured either at the Box Office of the Theatre, from 10 to 5, or at all the Libraries, for two weeks in advance. Prices from 1s. to 3 guineas.—H. J. Hitchens, Acting Manager.

FOLLY THEATRE.—Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Alex. Henderson.

MISS LYDIA THOMPSON and the entire company in Farnie's new burlesque. The very latest edition of ROBINSON CRUSOE, on Monday and every evening until further notice. The performance will commence at 7.30 with the Two-Act Comedy, by A. Halliday, of CHECK MATE. Characters by Messrs. Lionel Brough, Philip Day, Appleby; Mesdames Emily Vining, Duncan, &c. At 8.40, production of the very latest edition of ROBINSON CRUSOE, by Farnie. Musical Director, Mr. Michael Connelly. Characters by Miss Lydia Thompson, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. George Barrett, Mr. W. Forrester, Miss Emily Duncan, Miss Ella Chapman, Miss Topsy Venn, Mr. Bunch, Mr. Willie Edouin, Miss Violet Cameron, Miss Emily Vining, and Messrs. Appleby and Martin.

Seats can be secured either at the Box Office of the Theatre from 10 till 5, or at all the Libraries for two weeks in advance. Prices from 1s. to two guineas.—A Grand Christmas Burlesque, LITTLE DICK WHITTINGTON, by R. Reece, supported by Miss Lydia Thompson and the entire Company, now in rehearsal, and will be produced on Saturday, 23rd December. Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Hare.

Last Nights of BROTHERS.—EVERY EVENING at 8.45, BROTHERS, new and original comedy, by Charles F. Coghlan. Principal characters by Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Hollingshead, and Mrs. Gaston Murray; Mr. Kelly, Mr. Anson, Mr. Conway, and Mr. Hare.—Preceded, at 8 o'clock, by A MODEL OF A WIFE. Messrs. Anson, K. Cathcart, Deane; Mesdames Plowden and M. Rorke.—Doors open at 7.30.—Acting-Manager, Mr. Hux.

NOTICE.—NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES.—This favourite comedy, written by Tom Taylor and A. Dubourg, will be acted for the first time at this theatre on Saturday, December 2.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee

and Manageress, Mrs. Swanborough.—On MONDAY, and Every Evening, at 7, KEEP YOUR TEMPER.—At 8, Comedy, CREMORNE. Messrs. Vernon, Cox, Taylor, &c.; Mesdames Venne, Turner, &c.—Conclude with the Burlesque DAN'L TRA-DUCED, TINKER. Messrs. Marius, Cox, Taylor, &c.; Mesdames Venne, Jones, &c.

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.—Sole

Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.—Last Weeks of present Gaiety Company and Programme before transfer to Opera Comique. Byron's NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS, 7.45, his Burlesque LITTLE DON CESAR, 9.30, December 4, TOOLE in Albery's new piece. THE MAN IN POSSESSION and SPELLING BEE. AFTERNOON PERFORMANCES Every Saturday (see Daily Papers) Day, 2.30 to 5; Night 7 to 11.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. Henry Neville,

Sole Lessee.—NO THOROUGHFARE, by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins, every Evening at 7.45. Preceded at 7 by CRAZED. Mr. Henry Neville and powerful company. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Doors open at 6.30. Commence at 7.

GLOBE THEATRE.—On MONDAY NEXT,

November 27, will be produced Dion Boucicault's drama, in three acts, entitled HUNTED DOWN. Also a new comic opera in one act (founded on "La Vendetta") and entitled "A WILL, HA! HA!" Libretto by Fred Hay. Music by Edward Solomon. Characters by Mesdames Louise Willes, Ges Smythe, Louise Howard, Rose Cullen, Carr, Baker, Neville, and Mrs. C. Pitt. Messrs. Beveridge, Temple, Steyne, Douglas Cox, Edwards, Harcourt, and Edgar Bruce. THE TWO GREGO. RIES at 7 o'clock. Doors open at 6.30. Prices, 6d. to £3 3s. Box-office open from 11 to 5.—Acting Manager, Mr. Douglas Cox.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

Bishopsgate. Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. John and Richard Douglass. The last six nights of the great drama ALL FOR HER; with Mr. John Clayton, and original artistes, in their original characters. Monday, Nov. 20th, and following evenings, ALL FOR HER. Mr. John Clayton and full company. Conclude with a favourite Farce, JO, with Miss Jenny Lee and Globe company, Dec. 4.

DUKE'S THEATRE, HOLBORN.—Every

Evening, at Eight, BROCKMAN'S CIRCUS and Great MONKEY PERFORMANCE, from the Alexandra Palace. The Performance takes place on the Stage. Doors open at 7.30; commence at Eight. Private Boxes, from 10s. 6d.; Orchestra Stalls, 4s.; Dress Circle, 3s.; Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Children Half-price to all parts except Gallery.

MORNING PERFORMANCES every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHI-

THEATRE, Westminster Bridge Road. The greatest spectacular Drama ever produced—WATERLOO. First-class Dramatic Company. One Thousand Men and Horses. First Grand Change in the Circus performance. Open every evening at 6.30, commencing at 7. Prices: Private boxes from £1 11s. 6d. to £5 5s.; balcony dress stalls, 4s.; orchestra stalls, 2s. 6d.; boxes, 2s.; pit stalls, 2s.; amphitheatre, 1s. 6d.; pit, 1s.; gallery, 6d. Box-office open from 10.30. Grand Morning Performance Every Saturday at 2 o'clock.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—

Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.

NOTICE.—MR. GEORGE CONQUEST will appear only at his own Theatre next Christmas, and will give Morning Performances of the Pantomime every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday. Dancing in the New Hall. On MONDAY, and Every Evening during the week (except Thursday), at 7, REALITIES OF LIFE. Messrs. George Conquest, W. James, Sennett, Symes, Gillett, Nicholls, Vincent, Grant, Inch, &c.; Misses E. Miller, Victor, Denzil, &c. To conclude with SENTENCED TO DEATH. Thursday, SENTENCED TO DEATH; Incidentals, LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET.—Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole

Proprietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening (Wednesday excepted), at 6.45, HAMLET TRAVESTIE. Mr. G. H. Macdermott, Messrs. Roberts, Fox, Reeve, Pitt, Parry; Miss Summers. Followed by the successful Pastoral Comedy, entitled PERLA, written by E. Manuel, Esq. Mrs. S. Lane, Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Drayton, Bigwood, Lewis, Hyde; Miss Adams, Mrs. Newham. Concluding with BLACK EYED SUSAN, Mr. J. B. Howe; Mdles. Bellair, Brewer; Messrs. Rhyds, Jackson. Wednesday, Mr. Robert's Benefit.

ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAMME.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—A PUFF OF SMOKE, by C. J. Rowe. Music by Angelina, sustained by Miss Fanny Holland and Mr. Corney Grain. After which, MATCHED AND MATED, by F. C. Burnand, music by German Reed, in which Mrs. German Reed, Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Leonora Braham, Mr. Corney Grain, Mr. A. E. Bishop, and Mr. Alfred Reed will appear. To conclude with OUR TABLE D'HOTE. A New Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain. Every evening, except Thursday and Saturday, at 8. Every Thursday and Saturday at 3. Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s. Can be secured in advance, without fee, St. George's Hall, Langham Place, Oxford Circus.

MISS ADA CAVENDISH, Theatre Royal,

Birmingham. Hull to follow.

GERMAN GYMNASTIC SOCIETY'S ANNUAL COMPETITION, to be held in the Gymnasium, 26, PANCRAS-ROAD, King's-cross, on THURSDAY, December 7, 1876, commencing at 7 p.m., precisely.

PROGRAMME.

HIGH JUMP.
 BOXING (Light, Middle, and Heavy—Queensberry Rules and Weights).
 VAULTING AT HORIZONTAL BAR (Handicap).
 LONG JUMP.
 ROPE CLIMBING.
 GYMNASTICS (Horizontal Bar, Parallel Bars, Horse) set exercises on each instrument.
 TUG OF WAR (Teams of Six), in Socks, or Gymnastic Shoes. No scratch teams allowed.
 WRESTLING (catch as catch-can)—Light Weight, under 12 stone, and Heavy Weight, 12 stone and over.
 PUTTING THE SHOT (36lbs.)—Right and Left Hand.

OPEN TO ALL AMATEURS.

The Prizes will consist of the Society's Medals, with a Challenge Cup the Heavy Weight Wrestling.

Entries—2s. 6d. each event, except Tug of War, which will be 6s. per Team.

Entries to be made to the Hon. Secretary of the Leaders, Mr. C. P. Young, at the Gymnasium, on or before Saturday, December 2, 1876.

MISS HEATH'S PROVINCIAL TOUR,

Accompanied by Mr. WILSON BARRETT'S COMPANY, suspended during Miss Heath's Engagement at the PRINCESS'S THEATRE, LONDON. The Company (re-arranged) will travel with "THE SHAUGHRAUN," and appear at GAIETY THEATRE, WEST HARTLEPOOL, Six Nights. All letters to be addressed to Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Princess's Theatre, London. Agent, Mr. LEE ANDERSON. Acting Manager, Mr. MORRIS ARONS.

IMPORTANT PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, 1876.

THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

With the above number, notice of the exceptionally attractive contents of which will be duly advertised, it is intended

TO GIVE AWAY

a coloured picture, by GEORGE A. HOLMES, Painter of the famous

"CAN'T YOU TALK?"

and kindred in subject to that marvellously popular work. The reproduction of the gift has been entrusted to the eminent firm of LEIGHTON BROTHERS. It will be fac-simile in size and colour, and will bear the title of

"YOU REALLY MUST!"

Subscribers at home and abroad and leading advertisers are desired to take early cognizance of the above announcement, as it will be necessary to go to press some weeks in advance of the day of publication, with the Christmas Number.

NEXT WEEK'S NUMBER

Will contain, amongst other Illustrations, a Portrait of
MISS ALMA MURRAY.

"ON WHEELS" WITH THE QUORN.

TWO PAGES OF RECENT SKETCHES,
BY J. STURGESS.

ASSAULT AT ARMS.

NEW PIECES AT THE THEATRES.

MUSCOVITE HUNTING.

FREDERIC LEMAITRE'S LEADING
IMPERSONATIONS.

RABBITTING.

MR. RICHARD W. SOUTH'S
"GRAND DUCHESS" OPERA COMPANY.

Répertoire:—

"LA GRANDE DUCHESS." "LA BELLE HELENE."
"LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT." "LA PERICHOLE."

Principal Artistes,
Madame SELINA DOLARO,

Miss ALICE BURVILLE, Mr. E. D. BEVERLEY,
Miss AMY GRUNDY, Mr. E. CONNELL,
Miss GRUNDY, Mr. W. G. BEDFORD,
Miss FANNY STEWART, Mr. M. KINGHORNE,
Miss MERCY, Mr. LOUIS KELLEHER,
Madame FLORENCE HUNTER, Mr. E. PERRINI, and

Messrs. HARRY and FRED PAYNE.

Assisted by
Mdlles. HAMILTON and ROSE BECKETT.

Full and Powerful Chorus.

Musical Director, Mr. ERNEST GOOSSENS.

Stage-Manager, Mr. M. KINGHORNE.

Property-Master, Mr. C. SKINNER.

General Manager, Mr. E. PERRINI.

Entirely New and Elegant Costumes designed expressly for this Tour, and
executed by Mr. S. MAY, Bow-street, and Messrs. LEWIS and ALLENBY, of
Regent-street.

The Incidental Dances arranged by Messrs. Harry and Fred Payne.

All communications to be addressed to

Mr. R. W. SOUTH, 32, Abingdon-street, London, S.W.; or

Theatre Royal, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nov. 27th, Twelve Nights.

New Theatre Royal, Bristol, Twelve Nights, December 23rd.

MR. STREETER,

18, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.,

JEWELLER.

18 Carat Gold EARRINGS, set with Stones, from 50s. to £50.

18 Carat Gold BROOCHES, " " " 70s. " £200.

18 Carat Gold BRACELETS, " " " 140s. " £300.

18 Carat Gold LOCKETS, " " " 100s. " £100.

In all Jewellery sold or re-arranged by Mr. Streeter, the Stones are
mounted in 18-Carat Gold.

"JEWELS OF RICH AND EXQUISITE FORM."—*Cymbeline*, Act I. sc. ii.

* * Pressure upon our space compels us to "hold over" for next week's
issue, "Hunting in Russia," and "Reminiscences," by Lord William
Lennox, together with some correspondence and notices of recent enter-
tainments.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1876.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

THE six-hundredth night of *Our Boys* at the Vaude-
ville Theatre was signalled on Saturday by the distribu-
tion amongst the crowded audience of an imitation of
Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," by Mr. R.
Reece. The parody, which is rather neat, contains the
following lines:—

Prophets to right of us,
Prophets to left of us,
Prophets in front of us,
Volleyed and thundered
Wisacre shot and shell.
"May for a time do well!"
Ne'er in their jaws (so right!)
Ne'er in their mouths that night!
Boded Six Hundred.
"Flashy! a thing of air!"
"Flashy! but very fair!"
So said these wonders there,
Stage-wise alarmists! while
All who of fun 'd heard,
Crushed in the groaning pit,
Fought thro', fought bit by bit!
Coster and nobleman
Laughed at the same old hit,
Laughed at, and wondered,
Thought of that night, but not
Dreamed of Six Hundred!

When shall this fortune fade?
No increased charge we've made
(Herein we blundered!)
Thanks to all, true as steel!
Thanks to the Public, we'll
Double Six Hundred!

It has been computed that upwards of six hundred thou-
sand persons have seen Mr. Byron's comedy since its pro-
duction. Indeed, the run of the piece has been such as to

give rise to not a few incidents of an amusing nature in
connection therewith. The other day an eager provincial
was accosted in the lobby of the Vaudeville by his London
friend with—"Hallo! have you come to see *Our Boys*?"
"Yes," replied the bucolic one, "I have. The fact is
I only come to London once a year, and last year I
missed it!"

WE are all sorry to hear of the indisposition of the most
venerable of English clerks of the course. Of course we
allude to the estimable gentleman who has presided for so
many years over the destinies of Shrewsbury. But until
we turned over the pages of our *Bell* on Saturday last, we
did not know the cause of his absence from the scenes of
his former triumphs. Mr. Frail has been suffering from
"an autumn illness."

THE strong point of *The Jester*, a *Motley Monthly*, the
first number of which has been submitted to us for review,
is its poetry. One of the strongest points of the poetry is
the rhyming. For example—

"And so you've played your little game,
Most worshipful Disraeli?
And from the Lower Seat of Fame
You mean to "play the *Charlie*?"

"Think not to find here a loving friend,
Ready to raise thee gently;
Who is there dare thy misery mend,
Who is there ready the world to offend,
And give to thee, Poverty, plenty?"

In other respects the *Jester* appears to be a journal adapted
for young persons of a serious turn of mind. A periodical
that the Society for the Suppression of Mirth would do
well to patronise.

How is this for high? "We leave the dirty task of
casting black mud to the canting hypocrite of the *Observer*
who, since his return to the island, quotes in his columns
sacred poetry and Scripture texts in a garbled form; hurls
religious anathemas at the heads of his revilers—sainted
man! and calls in the help of jail-birds and pier-rangers
to assist him in collecting information so as to be able to
cast coarse invective and groundless imputations upon
those who have suffered for their misdeeds, or against
whom he may still cherish an old grudge." The artist is
not an American, but the editor of the *Jersey Weekly*
Express.

In the same journal we alight upon the following:—
"There are organists and organists, and the one who is
properly qualified for the post should be properly paid for
his services." Which is only another way of saying that
the gentleman who presides at the organ of St. Saviour's,
Jersey, is overwhelmed with a salary of £15 a year. The
gentleman who blows the bellows gets £3, and the refusal
of his colleague's worn-out raiment.

WE clip the following paragraph from our contem-
porary, *Nature*:—"Mr. Evans contributes a short article
on dairy produce. He gives some interesting information
upon the factory system of cheese-making introduced with
so much success into England within the last few years.
It is to be regretted that Mr. Evans has given no in-
formation upon the mode of preparing the French, Italian,
and Swiss cheeses so much appreciated by connoisseurs."
It was too bad of Mr. Evans. Considering that he was one
of the contributors to a work entitled, *British Manufactur-
ing Industries*, it was incumbent on him as a conscientious
expert to devote a portion of his space—say nine-tenths—
to a treatise on "the mode of preparing the French,
Italian, and Swiss cheeses so much appreciated by con-
noisseurs."

FOR the best method of macadamising the words of an
English air apply to Mr. Turner, of the English Opera
Company. If Mr. Hersee recognised his own words, as
they were interpreted by the most daring of Carl Rosa's
tenors on Wednesday night, he is apter at interpretation
than we imagine him to be.

THE National Society of Spiritualists are not quite
sure of Dr. Monck. A report of a recent meeting of the
Society in the *Spiritualist* shows this. "Mr. Desmond
Fitz-Gerald, chairman of the Scientific Research Com-
mittee, said that Dr. Monck had been invited several
times, both by the *Séance* and Research Committees, to
give *séances*, but he had made no answers to the letters,
except that on one occasion he thought that he sent a curt
refusal. The Secretary (a lady) also reported that Dr.
Monck had sent no answers to two letters forwarded to
him on the subject of *séances*. She had done much work,
in the shape of correspondence, for him at his request, in
connection with the St. Petersburg Committee, also with
Spanish Spiritualists; but, when he came to London
afterwards, he never called upon her in relation thereto.
No communication had been sent by him or his friends to
the association on the subject of his prosecution at Hud-
dersfield." It was finally determined to leave Dr. Monck
to fry in his own fat. Ahem! Nothing succeeds like suc-
cess; and—*vice versa*.

WE are indebted to the editor of the *London Iron Trade*
Exchange for the discovery, at Wolverhampton, of a
"sublime group"—in marble—of a "Colonel supported
right and left with angel cherubs of matchless beauty."
We should like to see a sketch of an "angel cherub of
matchless beauty." Our experience of that kind of fea-
thered creature—we mean the cherub—has been unfortu-
nate, in so far as we have not yet met with a flying
physiognomy of matchless beauty.

ACCORDING to the *Warehousemen and Drapers' Trade*
Journal the great scarcity of money in Scotland "arises
from a most cruel monopoly which the Scotch bankers un-
justly enjoy by law." It is at least satisfactory to be able
to localize the source of an injury. Especially satisfactory
when the remedy is made as palpable as it is in this case.

Suppress the Scotch bankers and there you are! On this
side of the Tweed it is not so easy to trace the cause of
everybody's impecuniosity.

A LINE that ought to have appeared under the head of
winter fashions in the *Queen*:—"Some of the peaks of
our mountain districts are already wearing their white
mantle."

CONCERNING impending fashions in masculine and
feminine attire, it is interesting to know that "the
handsome stuffs imitated from those of the sixteenth
century remind us of the splendidly attired men and
women delineated by the great Venetian master, especially
when they are made without folds." From which state-
ment we learn, and it is never too late to acquire such
knowledge, that the female frequenters of the Brighton pier
may now be seen attired in garments resembling Venetian
men and women, "full and round, without a wrinkle or
a fold."

Two of the books of the season, Ashby-Sterry's
"Boudoir Ballads" (already in a second edition) and Mr.
Tegetmeier's Handbook of Cookery. This is not the title
of Mr. Tegetmeier's book by-the-way, but what's in a
name? His brochure is far and away the best thing of the
kind that has been written.

MISS LEIGHTON.

MARGARET LEIGHTON, the subject of our portrait on the front
page, was born in Brecon, the native town of the great Mrs.
Siddons, in a station of life far removed from the footlights.
Notwithstanding "family" considerations—and it may be added
restrictions,—she was suffered in a tentative way, to indulge in
her unconquerable passion for the drama, and consequently she
very early in life formed that determination which has left us in
possession of an actress gifted beyond the average of those young
ladies who every day espouse the stage as, what they are pleased
to term, a profession. In 1864, Miss Leighton became the pupil
of Mr. John Ryder, a gentleman who has brought to the front
more promising pupils than any other theatrical school-
master we wot of. Her career from the moment she
appeared on the stage until now has been one of perfect
success. She made her first appearance at the Queen's on Boat-
race night, 1864, as Julia, in *The Hunchback*, and was cordially
received by the critics. Subsequently to her *début* she appeared
at Manchester, under the management of Mr. Charles Calvert, as
Romeo—Miss Gainsborough playing the part of Juliet. After-
wards, under Mr. Creswick's management, she reappeared at the
Holborn, in London, as Evadne, in *The Bridal*; Portia, in *The*
Merchant of Venice; and Desdemona, in *Othello*. A starring
engagement in the provinces followed her engagement at the
Holborn; and then we find her playing in the provinces in *The*
Gascon, the country right of which piece she had obtained from
Mr. H. Neville. Her return to London as Chorus, in *Henry V.*,
afforded those who saw that, in some respects, unfortunate revival,
abundant proof of her great accession of power as an actress of
"legitimate" parts. Young, handsome, by no means sparsely
endowed with talent—possibly with genius—Miss Leighton's
great promise betokens a brilliant future. She ought to do great
things in her vocation, and we fully believe that she is destined to
accomplish all that her numerous admirers conceive she is capable
of achieving. We are glad to hear that she is in negotiation
with Mr. Buckstone, with a view to her joining the Haymarket
company. Our portrait is from a photograph, published by the
Stereoscopic Company.

PORTUGUESE AND JAPANESE "CRACKS."

A CORRESPONDENT, whom we thank, writing from Yokohama,
on the 25th September, 1876, says:—"As I see in your last issue
received here, a photo of the Yokohama Athletes has been pub-
lished, I venture to send you one of the most celebrated of our
race ponies. "Typhoon" was brought out in the Autumn meet-
ing of 1871, by Dr. Wheeler of this port, and has been raced
hard ever since. I was absent from Yokohama for nearly three
years and was rather surprised on my return to find that 'Typhoon'
was the crack pony here. He changed ownership in '72, and has
been since then the property of Mr. E. Abbott, who also has
ridden him in nearly every one of his victories. Last Meeting
(May) he eclipsed any previous performance by running two han-
dicap races on the third day of the races against ponies that were
considered immensely superior in every way. And now that the
training for our Autumn races has commenced—notwithstanding
his age—he is in better fettle than ever. I have no doubt many
of your readers in England will recognise the 'little man' as he is
generally called." Typhoon won in 1871—Netherlands Cup,
Maiden Stakes; 1872—American Cup, Ladies' Purse, Nippon
Champion; 1873—Fusiyama Cup, Railway Cup, Nippon Cham-
pion, American Cup; 1874—Nippon Champion, Consular Plate,
Kanagawa Cup, Lloyd Souvenir Cup, Nippon Champion, Tosa Cup;
1875—Nippon Champion, Kanagawa Cup, Solace Cup; 1876—
Spring Stakes, Nippon Champion (handicap) Sayonara Stakes. In
addition to the above famous race pony, we give, from a Lisbon pho-
tograph, a portrait of "Lansquenet," winner of the government
prize at the races in Belem. This horse is the property of Mr.
Charles Ferreira, Pinto Bastos. The race was won very easily
from "Ronda" (black mare), the property of the same gentle-
man. These were the only horses that ran in this race. The
prize was 400 mil reis, and the distance 1,300 metres. We are
indebted to a Lisbon correspondent for these particulars.

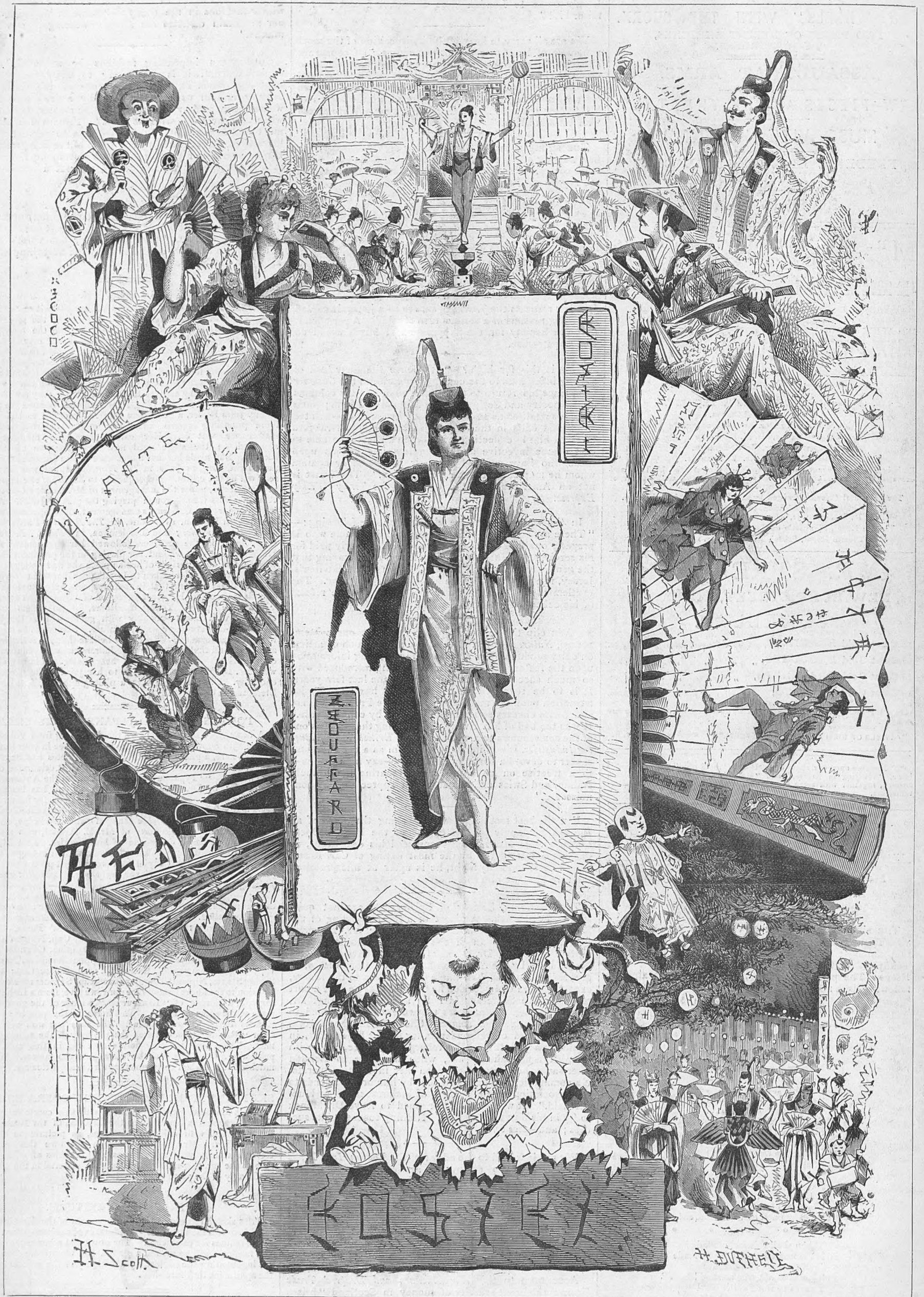
SKETCHES FROM LECOCQ'S NEW OPERA BOUFFE.

PARIS has been greatly "taken" with this comic interpreta-
tion of Japanese manners which the direction of the Renaissance
has mounted with delicious costumes, as picturesque as they
are dazzling. Mr. Scott, to whom we owe this page of
clever sketches, sufficiently shows that, besides affording plea-
sure to the ear, there is an abundance of material in the graceful
buffoonery of the piece to gratify the eye.

"TROPHY" FURNITURE.

THIS sketch represents the hunting-room of the Russian Czar,
furnished with such "trophy" furniture as our Messrs. Ward & Co.
are so famous for producing. The novel and picturesque effect
of this furniture will be seen at a glance, and the artist, to whom we
are indebted for the subject, speaks highly of the general effect of
the apartment thus furnished.

THE EARL OF JERSEY entertained the gentlemen of the Bicester
Hunt to luncheon on Tuesday week, consequent upon the meet
of the hounds, at his lordship's seat, Middleton Park. There was
a large and fashionable assemblage present.



SKETCHES FROM LECOCQ'S NEW OPERA BOUFFE.



SCENE FROM "ROBINSON CRUSOE" AT THE FOLLY THEATRE.—*Crusoe*: "A FOOTPRINT!" *Jim Cocks*: "PUT IT IN THE BAG."

D. FRISTON

MUSIC.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

"PAULINE."

[FIRST NOTICE.]

THE production of a new English opera is an event of considerable importance. The last English opera produced in London was *The Lily of Killarney*, written by a naturalised foreigner, Sir Julius Benedict. About a dozen years have since elapsed, and the scanty repertory of English opera has been worn threadbare. Musical people became tired of continual repetitions of *The Bohemian Girl*, *Maritana*, and *Lurline*, and when English opera companies ventured to play English adaptations of popular foreign operas, they were denounced as unpatriotic. This was notably the case when the National Opera Company was started some six years back. Every pains had been taken to secure a good band and chorus. Mr. Sidney Naylor was an experienced and excellent conductor, Sir Julius Benedict and Mr. Arthur Sullivan had also promised to assist, by conducting some of their own works. The three *prime donne* were Miss Rose Hersee (who returned from America expressly to join the National Opera Company), Madame Florence Lancia, and Miss Blanche Cole. The long list of male artists concluded with the name of Mr. Sims Reeves. On the opening night, Balfe's *Rose of Castile* was given, and this was followed by *Maritana*, *The Bohemian Girl*, and other English operas. Up to this point, all went well; but the moment the National Opera Company imitated the example of our Italian opera companies, by playing adaptations of foreign works, a storm of censure broke forth, and the directors were assailed in the Press by the unreasonable purists, whose patriotism overcame their common sense, and who protested that the noble example set by Mr. W. Harrison and Miss Pyne, in ruining themselves by the production of original English works, must be imperatively enforced on all directors of English opera companies. Had the National Opera Company been properly encouraged, it might have become a nursery for English art, and ultimately a home for native composers; but, after a short season in London, and a long career of success in the provinces, it finally came to grief.

When Mr. Carl Rosa gave his excellent series of English operas last year at the Princess's Theatre, a more liberal spirit was exhibited; and most of the censors who had formerly condemned the very course which he has followed, heartily welcomed his presentations of English adaptations of foreign operas. Thanks to this return of common sense in the leaders of opinion, Mr. Carl Rosa was enabled to show that many foreign masterpieces—notably, *The Marriage of Figaro*—could be performed by English artists, at least as successfully as by their foreign competitors. The reign of prejudice was over, and the Carl Rosa Opera Company were free to show their ability in the performance of the best music, no matter in what language or locality originally produced. This season Mr. Rosa published a repertory, composed indiscriminately of English and foreign operas, and produced English versions of Adam's *Girlanda*, Nicolò's *Joconde*, and Wagner's *Fliegende Holländer*. It has, however, been always felt, by the warmest defenders of eclecticism in music, that an English Opera Company would be unworthy its name, unless it recognised the claims of native composers whose achieved successes entitled them to consideration; and it was a source of gratification when it became known that Mr. Carl Rosa had commissioned the composition of a new English opera, from the pen of Mr. Frederic Cowen, one of our most promising composers, who has already given striking proofs of ability in his symphony, played at the Crystal Palace four years back; in his cantata, *The Corsair*, produced at the Birmingham Festival this year; in his cantata, *The Rose Maiden*, and in other works of a lighter character. The present Lord Lytton having kindly sanctioned the adaptation of his father's play, *The Lady of Lyons*, to operatic purposes, the task of preparing an operatic libretto was entrusted to Mr. Henry Hersee, who has preserved the names of the original characters in Bulwer's play, but has been compelled by operatic exigencies to depart widely from Bulwer's treatment of the story, and appears to have constructed a libretto of which more than three-fourths are entirely original.

Pauline was produced at the Lyceum on Wednesday last, under the direction of Mr. Carl Rosa, in the presence of an audience in which were included some of the most distinguished representatives of art and literature. The cast of the opera was as follows:—

Claude Melnotte	Mr. Santley.
Beauseant	Mr. F. H. Celli.
Glavis	Mr. J. W. Turner.
Deschappelles	Mr. Aynsley Cook.
Gaspar	Mr. Arthur Howell.
Dubois	Mr. H. Brooklyn.
The Widow Melnotte	Miss Yorke.
Madame Deschappelles	Mrs. Aynsley Cook.
Pauline	Miss Julia Gaylord.

It will be seen that of the seventeen characters in the drama, nine have been dispensed with, including the popular Colonel Damas, for whose services there appears to be no occasion in the opera. Act the first opens in the garden of Claude's cottage, two miles from Lyons. It is an hour before sunset, and the Widow Melnotte is discovered on a rustic bench, knitting, and awaiting the return of Claude, who has been absent all day at a shooting match. He presently arrives, escorted by his fellow villagers, who sing the praises of Claude—their "Prince"—who has won the prize. The villagers depart. Claude anxiously awaits the return of Gaspar, whom he has sent to Pauline, with some verses dedicated to her. Gaspar returns with the intelligence that he has been beaten by Pauline's lackeys, and that Claude, whose verses have been thrown by them into the mire, is promised similar treatment next time he may pass that way. When Gaspar has left, Claude is consoled by his mother. Gaspar returns, and tells Claude that two grand gentlemen who had witnessed the fracas at Lyons, and learned its cause, are coming up the lane, and are desirous to make Claude's acquaintance. Claude is in no mood for strange company, and retires into the cottage with his mother. The two gentlemen prove to be Beauseant and Glavis, and from their conversation the audience learn that both these worthies have been scornfully refused by Pauline—are bent on revenge—and wish to employ Claude as their tool. Ultimately Claude consents to join in their plans, and swears to "woo, wed, and bring home" Pauline, with their assistance.

Act the Second is laid in the park of Monsieur Deschappelles, near Lyons. A fête champêtre is proceeding, and we learn from the conversation between Beauseant and Glavis, that Claude, disguised as the Prince of Como, has in ten days won the affections of Pauline, and is to be married to her. After a number of incidents, resembling those in the second act of Bulwer's play, Claude and Pauline are hastily married, and in order to avoid the risk of "The Prince of Como" being arrested as a foreign spy, according to the pretended information Beauseant professes to have received, they depart at once for Marseilles, amid the farewell congratulations of the assembled guests.

Act the Third takes place in the cottage of Claude. The widow

is at work, awaiting the arrival of Claude, who has sent her a hasty letter, telling her that he will be with her immediately, accompanied by his bride. Claude and Pauline arrive; the latter discovers the deception of which she is the victim; and Claude, who has vainly implored Beauseant to release him from his oath, and has resolved to make all the reparation in his power, tells her the history of his love, of her scorn, of his temptation and contrition, in language so eloquent and pathetic, that Pauline feels her anger melting into returning love. He quits her, in order to enlist in the army, first giving her a paper in which he avows the fraud he has committed, and thus enables her to annul the marriage. Beauseant soon afterwards arrives, and implores Pauline to fly with him from the mean abode in which he finds her, and to share his rank and fortune. She repulses him, and he endeavours to embrace her. She is saved by the return of Claude, who hurls Beauseant aside, and laughs at his threatening pistol. The Widow, who had been cunningly sent out of the way by Beauseant, returns to explain why she had neglected Claude's injunctions to remain with Pauline. Glavis enters, and announces the immediate arrival of Pauline's parents, accompanied by a number of their friends. Pauline's parents wish to take her away at once, but she suddenly quits them, flies to Claude, proclaims her forgiveness of his crime, avows her eternal love for him, and her determination to share his lot. Claude, however, declares that she must never be his, till his name is cleared from dishonour, and gives her back to her father, cherishing the hope that he may yet become worthy to claim her hand. The curtain falls on the picture of Pauline, half fainting, in her father's arms, Claude embraced by his weeping mother, Beauseant and Glavis enjoying their triumph, and the departing friends expressing their sympathy with the unhappy lovers.

Act the Fourth takes place in the chief reception-room of M. Deschappelles' mansion at Lyons. This act is entirely original. The long scenes between Dumas, Melnotte, the two officers, Deschappelles, &c., are dispensed with; and the plot is told in a short dialogue between M. and Madame Deschappelles; from which we learn that Claude, promoted from the ranks by the King himself, for conspicuous bravery, has become a Court favourite and a General, and possesses a large fortune, but has apparently forgotten Pauline since the day—two years previous—when she had been taken away from him. We also learn that M. Deschappelles is on the verge of ruin, and can only be saved by the receipt of ten thousand louis, which are to be paid to him by Beauseant immediately after the marriage of the latter to Pauline, who has consented to sacrifice herself for her father's sake. In the opera, Deschappelles is not so utterly base as in the drama; and he tells Pauline that the marriage shall not take place if she fears that it may lead to her permanent unhappiness. Pauline learns from him that there is no other way to avert his ruin, and, with assumed gaiety, tells him to have no fears for her, as she has provided "means of escape" for herself, which will become known to him in due time. Left to herself, her assumed gaiety disappears, and we learn from her short soliloquy that she has written to Claude, for the first and only time in her life, explaining the cause of her marriage to Beauseant, but declaring her undying love for Claude, and her determination that Beauseant shall never hold her in his embrace, as she prefers to seek the embrace of death, by means of poison, directly her father's safety is ensured. Ten days have elapsed, and she has had no word of pity or farewell from Claude. The phial of poison which she conceals in her bosom is the one "fatal, faithful friend," on whose aid she can rely. The bridesmaids enter, and place on her the bridal veil and wreath. The wedding guests arrive, followed by Beauseant and Glavis, and the notary, M. Dubois, brings the contract, which he reads. It is about to be signed, when Dubois announces that he is commissioned to hand to M. Deschappelles, as a voluntary free gift, the exact sum named in the contract, and that so far as the signature of that contract is concerned, M. Deschappelles is absolutely free! Pauline tears off the bridal veil and wreath, and flies to her father, who asks Dubois to explain? Dubois announces that the donor is Claude Melnotte! Beauseant says "Would that I had him here, within reach of my arm!" but is disconcerted when Claude, who has followed his notary Dubois, unperceived, comes from behind the wedding guests, and says "Your wish is gratified. Behold me!" The departure of Beauseant and Glavis is followed by Claude's expressions of rapture at being able honourably to claim the hand of Pauline, and during the Bridal Chorus, which concludes the opera, the bridesmaids replace the bridal veil and wreath on Pauline.

The music comprises, in the first act, an opening chorus first heard at a distance, and afterwards repeated on the stage; a song for Claude ("One kind glance, Pauline"), a duet between him and the Widow ("The Son of a tender Mother"), and a "Revenge" trio, sung by Claude, Beauseant, and Glavis. The second act opens with a chorus ("How bright are the blossoms"), sung during a ballet; a sestet ("Dear Prince, thy ring"), Claude's song ("Inez was beautiful"), the duet for him and Pauline ("Oh, tell me once again"), the song of Glavis ("Love has wings"), a Wedding Chorus, and a Farewell Chorus; besides musical settings of the snuff-box scene, and the description of Claude's imaginary palace. Act the third opens with the Widow's song ("From its mother's nest"), followed by a duet and scene between Claude and Pauline. The greater part of this act is occupied by the long and dramatic finale, which opens with a duet for Beauseant and Pauline ("Beauty like thine"). Act the fourth contains Pauline's only solo (Recit. "Flow fast ye tears," Aria "Bright dreams"), a Bridesmaid's Chorus, a short solo for Claude, and a short Finale Tutti, in which the melody of Claude's first song is repeated.

Having given this description of the plot, and of the arrangement of the musical numbers, we must defer our examination of the music and libretto until after the second performance of *Pauline*, which will be given this (Saturday) evening.

We have only space to add that the production of the opera was attended with every sign of success. The house was densely crowded, and hundreds were refused admission. The opera was lavishly mounted; the ballet in the second act, arranged by Mrs. Aynsley Cook, was tasteful and effective; the choruses were well sung, the principal artists exerted themselves zealously, the orchestra did justice to the varied and difficult orchestration; the costumes, by Mr. Stinchcomb, were well designed, the new scenery was worthy the reputation of Mr. Hawes Craven, the stage arrangements reflected great credit on Mr. Arthur Howell, and Mr. Carl Rosa, though suffering from severe illness, conducted the performance with energy and ability. The principal artists were called before the curtain, and similar compliments were paid to Mr. Cowen, Mr. Hersee, and Mr. Rosa. We should add that well-merited encores were awarded to Mr. Turner for his song, "Love has wings," and to Miss Yorke for her song, "From its mother's nest."

R. W. SOUTH'S GRAND DUCHESSE OPERA COMPANY.

THE provincial press continues to speak in the highest terms of approval of this clever and admirably-organised company. We last week quoted an opinion from a Bristol journal, and had we space at our disposal this, we might draw largely in the like manner from the same quarter.

At Birmingham the reception has been most enthusiastic. The

Daily Mail says, "Such an excellent company has seldom been heard. Miss Burville is an exceedingly pretty actress, and she has, moreover, a soprano voice of agreeable quality. She is full of vivacity and esprit, and her assumption was a most pleasing one. Madame Dolaro made a capital Lange, acting with power, and singing with taste and refinement. Mr. Beverley has seldom met with a part better suited to him than that of Ange Pitou, his clear tenor voice serving him to great advantage; the song "My dear Clairette" was delicate and refined, and throughout he was highly successful. The grotesque dance, introduced by the Paynes and the Misses Hamilton and Beckett, was a remarkably clever performance, and received a triple encore. Mr. South deserves the support of the Birmingham public." The *Birmingham Gazette*, in the course of a lengthy laudatory notice of the various performers, says, "The choruses were sung with spirit and rare precision, and the accompaniments were well played throughout. The dresses and appointments used in Mr. South's presentation of *La Fille de Madame Angot* are beautiful and harmonious in their varied effects. The salon scene in the second act was really as picturesque as it was amusing. In the third act the grotesque dancing of Messrs. H. and F. Payne astonished and delighted the audience; and the two clever artists, along with their pleasing assistants, Mdlles. Hamilton and Beckett, were compelled to go through a portion of their performances a second time. Judging from the applause bestowed the present season of opéra-bouffe prepared for our townspeople will be a successful one for the *impresario*, and an agreeable one for his patrons." The *Daily Post*, following in the like strain, compliments respectively the performers of the leading rôles, and adds, "The piece is effectively mounted, the costumes in general being rich and picturesque. The Paynes, in their wonderfully effective dance, obtained the honour of a triple encore."

We hear that several important additions are about to be made by Mr. South, and it is rumoured that he has secured the services of a lady as yet unknown to a London audience, but who, as an artiste of the highest order, has won golden opinions in the colonies. If this be true, we congratulate Mr. South on his enterprising spirit, and heartily wish him the success he deserves.

OPERA COMIQUE.

The playgoer who has not happily assisted in Paris at *La Cruche Cassée*, or any of the many other successes of Madame Celine Chaumont, is deeply indebted to Mr. John Hollingshead for giving him an opportunity of seeing that talented lady in London. A brief season of fifteen performances commenced on Saturday last, when attracted partly by the idea that they were to see Lady Sebright, bright Celine Chaumont held in sway a crowded and distinguished audience by her charming touches of light and shade, humour and sadness, in her well-known impersonation of Madame in *Madame attend Monsieur*, the sparkling comedy written for her by MM. Meilac and Halévy. Madame Chaumont also sang "La Première Feuille," but with less effect than at the St. James's Theatre on her former visit. On Saturday she appeared to overload this charming little song with an amount of dramatic action it is too slender to carry. On the other hand, she sang "La Noce à Clemence" with the *chic* warranted by that lively production. Madame Chaumont's fascinating performance was preceded by the new comedy of *Bounce*, in which the versatile Mr. Charles Collette's clever impersonations put the audience in rare good humour. *Toto chez Tata* is to be produced this evening. Strange to say, the Lord Chamberlain interdicted its performance by MM. Emden and Valnay's company, but is more lenient to Mdlle. Chaumont. What with the inconsistency that marks the *Index Expurgatorius*, and such criticism as now obtains in the *Thunderer*, London theatrical managers are not to be envied.

A very excellent performance of Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was given on Monday evening at the Royal Aquarium. The chief vocalists were Miss José Sherrington, Miss Helen D'Alton, Mr. Pearson, and Mr. Thurlay Beale. The chorus, formed of the South London Choir, numbered some 200 voices.

A friendly and numerous-attended gathering took place on Tuesday at the residence of the Marchioness of Downshire, under the immediate patronage of the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) who was, however, unable to attend in person. It was got up and carried out by Madame Puzzi and a number of other professional friends of Signor Federici, who is only just recovering from a severe attack of illness. Among the artists present were Mdlle. Ida Corani, Miss Sherrington, and Miss Elena Angèle; MM. Bernard Lane, Maybrick, Tito Mattei, John Thomas, De Bassini, Richard Drummond, and Bonetti. At the pianoforte were MM. Ganz and H. Parker. Signor Federici was too ill to sing, but he spoke a few words of thanks to Lady Downshire and to those among his brother and sister musicians who had so kindly come forward to help him.

M. Paul Viardot, son of Madame Pauline Viardot, the accomplished singer, made his first appearance in public at the *Concert Populaire* this week. Mendelssohn's concerto for the violin was selected by M. Viardot for his *début*. He rendered that sublime page of music with incomparable assurance, vigour, and delicacy, and excited the greatest enthusiasm. M. Viardot is only 19, and, to judge from his performance he has a brilliant future before him.

Mr. William Carter's choir gave their second concert at the Albert Hall on Thursday week, the oratorio being Mendelssohn's "St Paul," a work too seldom performed by any of our large choral societies. Mr. Carter conducted. At the next performance on the 14th of next month, Haden's "Creation" is to be sung, the oratorio in which this choir most especially excels.

At Nice on Thursday week died Antonin Tamburini, the celebrated baritone, in his 76th year. He was the son of a bandmaster at Faenza, and at the age of nine years was engaged in an orchestra as a bugle player, but a serious illness having obliged him to discontinue playing he turned his attention to singing. He made rapid progress, and at 18 made a successful *début* at Bologna. He appeared in succession at all the principal theatres at Turin, Rome, Naples, Milan, and in 1832, after having visited England, where he was warmly received, he appeared in Paris, in the Italiens, in *Cenerentola*. For more than 20 years he continued a favourite with the French public, and as late as 1854 he sang in *Don Juan*. He had acquired a comfortable independence, and retired many years ago to Sévres, where he usually resided.

On Wednesday, the 8th inst., the marriage of Mr Amory Sullivan (better known possibly as Mr. T. S. Amory), eldest son of, and, for the last fifteen years, business manager to, Barry Sullivan, the eminent tragedian, with Miss Adeline Stanhope, the charming and accomplished young actress, who made her first appearance in London at the Haymarket Theatre in the character of Juliet, under the *nom du Théâtre* of Miss Edith Gray, who has since been playing with great success as leading lady in the principal provincial theatres. After the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. William Russell, the happy pair left town for a few days only, the bridegroom having speedily to resume his business duties.

THE DRAMA.

IN addition to minor changes at several of the theatres, we have to record some more important dramatic events during the week, including the revival of Boucicault's *Shaughraun*, and production of a new domestic drama by Mr. Leopold Lewis, entitled *Give a Dog a Bad Name*, at the Adelphi, on Saturday night; the return to London of the incomparable French artiste, Madame Chaumont, who made her re-appearance at the Opéra Comique on the same evening; the production for the first time in England of an American comedy-drama, *The Virginian*, by Mr. Bartley Campbell, at the St. James's, on Monday evening; and a new musical duologue, brought out on Tuesday evening at the German Reeds' entertainment, under the title of *A Puff of Smoke*.

At the Gaiety Matinée, on Saturday, another of Mr. Byron's dramas, *Blow for Blow*, was revived; and, notwithstanding the miserable November weather, which was anything but inviting, drew an unusually crowded audience. The play was represented with a thoroughly good cast, including Mr. Charles Warner as Lieutenant Linden, and Mr. E. Edgar as the villainous clerk, John Drummond. Mr. J. Maclean was excellent as Dr. Grace; Miss Marie Litton lent great charm to the impersonation of Mildred Craddock, and subsequently to that of Alice Petherick; and Miss Kate Vaughan, who of late has developed from a graceful and accomplished danseuse into a clever and piquante actress, made a still further advance by her careful and intelligent rendering of Lady Ethel Linden. The two comic characters, Charley Spraggs and Kitty Wobblers, were represented with amusing drollery by Mr. E. Terry and Miss Farren.

OPERA COMIQUE.—Mr. Hollingshead has provided a rich and indeed unexpected treat for London playgoers in engaging the celebrated French actress, Madame Cecile Chaumont, even for the short period of a fortnight. Madame Chaumont made her re-appearance here on Saturday evening, when, and on each evening during the week, the ineffable charm of grace and style, her subtle and incomparable power of expression, which created such delight on her visit to the St. James's Theatre some four years ago, and which have rendered her famous in Paris, were again displayed in M.M. Meilhac and Halévy's one act comedy *Madame attend Monsieur*, and in her celebrated chanson *La Première Feuille*, and again enchain and fascinate the large audiences that nightly crowd the theatre, as they did formerly in the same pieces at the St. James's. Madame Chaumont's versatility and rare faculty of varied expression, as well as of quiet humour, are further shown in another of her famous songs, "La Noce à Clemence."

VAUDEVILLE.—On Saturday night Mr. Byron's comedy reached its six-hundredth consecutive representation, a continuous run wholly unprecedented in dramatic annals, and without any apparent diminution of its attractiveness.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Mr. Buckstone made his re-appearance here, on Monday evening, in his original part of Cousin Joe, in his own little comedy of *A Rough Diamond*; and his impersonation of the good-natured rustic, with his valuable relation of the village news, which he has repeated during the week, is as amusing and full of quiet humour as ever. The rough diamond Margery, the rustic wife of Sir William Evergreen, is very pleasantly and effectively represented by Miss Annie La Fontaine. This amusing little piece forms a lively prelude to Mr. Gilbert's play of *Dan'l Druce*, which is followed by Mr. Rae's fanciful little sketch *Birds in their Little Nests Agree*, recently produced here, and noticed last week.

COURT THEATRE.—Since Monday, Mr. C. Coghlan's comedy of *Brothers*, which is to be withdrawn after Friday next, has been followed by the favourite comedietta of *A Model of a Wife*, in which Mr. G. W. Anson greatly distinguishes himself in a leading character.

NATIONAL STANDARD.—Miss Helen Barry having completed her engagement here on Saturday night, when, for her benefit, she appeared as Carmen in *True Till Death*, and as Catherine in *Taming of the Shrew*; Messrs. Palgrave Simpson and Herman Merivale's poetic play of *All for Her*, after a very successful tour in the provinces, was transferred to this theatre on Monday night, for twelve representations, supported by Mr. John Clayton, in his original character of Hugh Trevor. Miss Baldwin as Lady Marsden, Miss Cavalier as Mary Rivers, Mr. Elwood as Lord Edendale, and Mr. Moxon as the Spy Radford, originally played by Mr. Horace Wigan, in London.

DRURY LANE.—*Macbeth*, with Mr. Barry Sullivan as the Thane of Cawdor, and Mrs. Hermann Vezin as Lady Macbeth, was revived here on Wednesday evening, was to be repeated last night, and will be played on every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday until the termination of Mr. Barry Sullivan's present engagement on December 16; *Richard III.* continuing to be represented on the alternate evenings. The afternoon's performance for the benefit of the widow and child of the late W. H. Liston, and at which nearly all the leading artists in London assisted, took place on Thursday, and with most satisfactory pecuniary results.

At the Crystal Palace the second series of the Dickens's plays, under the direction of Mr. Charles Wyndham have been continued. *Pickwick* was represented on Tuesday, and *The Cricket on the Hearth* was selected for Thursday.

The afternoon dramatic performances on Wednesdays and Saturdays at the Royal Aquarium Theatre, recently inaugurated by Mr. Wybrow Robertson on his resuming his position as managing director, are proving, as they should, highly attractive. On Saturday last, Mr. Charles Collette and the Opera Comique company appeared in *Bounce and Crypto*, and on Wednesday the programme comprised the late T. W. Robertson's comedy of *Breach of Promise*, and the favourite old farce of *Family Fars*, supported in the leading characters by Miss Maggie Brennan, Miss Gresham, and Messrs. John Clarke, Clifford Cooper, C. Steyne, &c.

To-day a special morning performance will take place at the Adelphi for the benefit of Mr. S. Emery, who will sustain his original character of Fouché in the famous drama of *Plot and Passion*, supported by Miss Rose Coghlan as Madame de Fontanges; Mr. Shiel Barry as Desmarests (Robson's great part); Mr. Shore as De Cevennes, and Mr. Terriss as Henri.

The other morning performances to-day comprise Mdlle. Chaumont in *Madame attend Monsieur* and her songs, preceded by *Crypto* at the Gaiety; *Fidelio* by the Carl Rosa Opera Company, at the Lyceum; *Breach of Promise* and *Family Fars*, at the Royal Aquarium; the German Reed's entertainment at St. George's Hall; *Waterloo*, &c., at Sanger's (Astley's), and Broeckmann's trained animals at the Duke's.

To-night, Madame Chaumont will appear for the first time in *Toto chez Tata*.

On Monday evening the bills of both the Strand and Globe theatres will undergo a change.

At the Strand will be produced a new burlesque, entitled *Dan'l, Tra-duced, Tinker*; and a new farcical comedy called *Cremorne*.

At the Globe will be revived Mr. Boucicault's drama *Hunted Down*, in which Mr. Edgar Bruce will sustain the part of Rawdon Scudamore, originally created by Mr. Henry Irving, followed by a new comic operetta, written by Fred Hay, music by E. Solomon, and entitled *A Will—Ha! ha!*

ADELPHI THEATRE.

As a natural sequence to the success which attended the revivals of *The Colleen Bawn* and *Arrah-na-Pogue*, another of Mr. Boucicault's popular Irish dramas, *The Shaughraun*, was reproduced here on Saturday night. Although, like its predecessors, not having the advantage of the services of Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault in the principal characters, *The Shaughraun*, mounted with great care, and new and picturesque scenery, is again so efficiently represented as to be received with marked approval, and promises a renewal of its former success. In the present cast Mr. Charles Sullivan, who is new to London, is an efficient and genially humorous representative of the Shaughraun "Conn;" Mr. Shiel Barry again gives a powerful and finished impersonation of the scoundrel Harvey Duff, the informer and accomplice in the villainies of the squireen Corry Kinchela, who was artistically embodied by Mr. W. McIntyre; Mr. W. Terriss resumes his original part of Captain Molineux; Mr. J. G. Shore is dignified, tender, and natural as the good priest, Father Dolan; and Mr. H. Vaughan satisfactorily enacted the part of the young Irish rebel, Robert Ffolliot; Moya finds a careful and intelligent representative in Miss Annie Taylor, who made her first appearance at this house; Miss Rose Coghlan, another new acquisition, made a most charming and arch Claire Ffolliot; Miss Hudspeth is equally good as her cousin Arty O'Neale; and Mrs. Everard was as amusingly demonstrative as of yore in her original character of Mrs. O'Kelly, Conn's mother. The revival was preceded by a new two-act domestic drama, entitled *Give a Dog a Bad Name*, and written by Mr. Leopold Lewis. The new piece, evidently of French origin, has a story of the slightest texture. Tom Balfour, a good-natured, impulsive, young fellow, supposed, more on account of his foibles than vices, to be the "black sheep" of his family, returns, after ten years' wanderings abroad, and is met by his remaining relatives with a very unwelcome reception. He is on the point of again departing, when, by his tact and manliness, he allays the violence of the factory hands (on strike) of his cousin, Mr. George Balfour, a wealthy employer, who, for this signal service, insists upon Tom remaining as his guest. In the next act, our hero, first, by his timely interference, saves the honour of his cousin's wife, who had imprudently listened to the insidious advances of her husband's false friend, though, in doing so, he, rather than betray the lady, endures, for a short time, the obloquy of being himself the attempted betrayer, from which, however, he is relieved by the confession of the wife, who reveals the name of the real culprit. Tom then unmasks another guest of his cousin's, one Goldsworthy, whom he recognises as a gambler and hell-keeper, that at the risk of his own life he had rescued from being lynched by the victims whom he had swindled, and recovers from the wretch a large sum of money which another of his cousins, Clarissa, had too confidently entrusted to him for some bubble investment—and, finally, the "dog with the bad name" secures for himself the hand of a third pretty cousin, Dora, and proves the injustice of the ill reputation with which he was erroneously stigmatised. The characters, as far as they afforded scope, were well acted all round; Mr. Emery especially giving a cheery and manly interpretation of the supposed scapegrace, Tom Balfour—Mr. Shore, Miss Rosa Coghlan, and Mr. Terriss lent useful aid as the representatives of Mr. and Mrs. George Balfour, and the young officer and lover, Captain Chamleigh. Mr. Brittain Wright was alone remarkable for his repulsive make-up as the swindler, Goldsworthy; and Miss C. Nott and Miss E. Phillips appeared as the two cousins, Clarissa and Dora.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

Only a fortnight ago we noticed the successful production of two novelties at Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment—Mr. Burnand's dainty comedietta, *Matched and Mated*, and Mr. Corney Grain's new musical sketch, *Our Table D'Hôte*—and now to these attractions has been added another charming little sketch, or musical duologue, entitled *A Puff of Smoke*, introduced into the programme for the first time on Tuesday evening. The little trifle (written by Mr. Charles S. Rowe, and the music by "Angelina," a young lady well known as an accomplished amateur pianist and composer) is admirably acted and sung by Miss Fanny Holland and Mr. Corney Grain, as Mr. and Mrs. Montague, a young married couple whose happiness is temporarily arrested through a silly quarrel. The action takes place in Mrs. Montague's pretty boudoir, where the young wife descants, in a flowing melody, on the happiness of married life; but she soon takes umbrage at her husband's secrecy about an engagement he is about to keep, and her jealousy is thoroughly aroused by a warmly ardent letter written by a lady which she finds in Cecil's coat-pocket. To soothe her perturbed nerves, she resorts, for the first time in her life, to a cigarette, and, while indulging in this remedy, sings of the tranquillising effects of the fragrant weed, and so effectively did Miss Holland render this song, that she was rapturously encored. Cecil Montague, unexpectedly returning, is astounded at the odour of tobacco in the boudoir of his wife, where even he was never permitted to smoke, and he, in turn, becomes jealous on finding a cigarette case bearing initials corresponding to those of a young guardsman who had paid Mrs. Montague marked attentions at a recent ball. A scene of angry recrimination ensues between the pair, carried on by a characteristically written quarrelling duet; but mutual explanations after a time restore happiness, an inscription on the inside of the cigarette case showing that it was a gift to Mrs. Montague from her cousin, whose initials adorn the exterior, and Cecil proving, by the envelope, addressed to another person, that the letter was not intended for him, but was one that he had picked up. "Angelina's" music, though occasionally a little lugubrious, was well rendered by the two exponents, and was warmly applauded by an evidently appreciative audience.

FRENCH PLAYS.—ROYALTY THEATRE.

FOR the last representation of the short dramatic season, *Les Faux Bonshommes*, a comedy in four acts, by Th. Barrière and Ern. Capendu, was produced on Saturday last, with deserved success. This play, more remarkable for delineation of character than actual plot, may be described as follows:—Octave Delcroix, a young painter, is engaged on the portrait of Péponet, a retired purse-proud tradesman, who has arranged to marry his two daughters, Emmeline and Eugénie, respectively, to two men after his own heart, viz.—Anatole de Massane (a promoter of companies) and Raoul, the dissipated son of Dufouré (a retired ironmonger). Péponet, however, on finding that Octave, the hitherto-despised painter, is nephew to Vertillac, a millionaire, and, as he believes, his heir, bestows on him his daughter Emmeline's hand, transfers Anatole to Eugénie, and gives Raoul his *congé*. Later, however, Péponet, on discovering that Vertillac completely ignores his nephew, banishes him from his house. Octave thereupon discards his paint-brush for the more exciting life of a stockbroker, amasses a fortune, becomes reconciled to his uncle, and consequently with Péponet, and marries Emmeline. Péponet in the end is ruined by speculations and a runaway lawyer, whereupon Anatole discards Eugénie, who has long been secretly loved by another young painter, Edgard Thévenot, a friend of Octave's. Edgard now proposes to the (as he thinks) penniless girl, when Octave generously bestows her sister's untouched dot on her and her ruined father. Incidental to the piece are the characters of Bassecourt, a *rentier*, whose rule in speaking of everybody is to begin by

blessing and end by cursing them altogether; Dufouré, a selfish, lying nonentity; Vertillac, who turns his back on his nephew Octave until he finds him "up in the world;" and Lecarbonel, a lawyer, by whom Péponet has been ruined. In short, then, Péponet, Anatole, Lecarbonel, Dufouré, Raoul, Bassecourt, and Vertillac, are the characters in an album of caricatures which the witty young painter, Edgard, has, as it turns out, prophetically called "Galerie des Faux Bonshommes," and the claim of each character to the title is consistently and cleverly worked out by the talented authors, to whom it may be remembered the dramatic world is indebted for *Les Filles de Marbre*, *Les Parisiens*, *Le Chemin de Damas*, &c. The honours of the evening fell to M. Degard (as Péponet), M. Julian (as Vertillac), and Mlle. Hébert (as Eugénie); in fact, the comedy was so admirably supported as to make it a matter of regret that more opportunities could not be given to enable the public to judge of the general excellence of the troupe engaged by MM. W. S. Emden and E. Valnay, for their late dramatic season, which was necessarily a short one—the evident result more of unfriendly criticism than any decadence of the popularity of the Théâtre Français in London. It is pleasant, however, to mention that, undaunted by the want of public support, MM. Emden and Valnay are reorganising a French company, and will in a few days submit their arrangements (which include the engagement of several Parisian stars) to the public.

"DEIDAMIA" AT THE ODEON, PARIS.

A new piece bearing the above title, by M. Theodore de Banville, was produced last Saturday night at the Odéon Theatre, Paris. It is called an "heroic comedy," and is in three acts. The new comedy is described by a critic as brilliant with wit, and charming from its entire freshness of thought, and, moreover, is one to which young girls may sit and listen without blushing. The plot is simple. Thetis, the divine mother of Achilles, leaves him disguised at Scyros, one of the islands of the Ægean Sea, in order to preserve his life. While there he marries Deidamia, daughter of King Lycomedes, but his disguise is penetrated by the subtlety of Ulysses, who arrives at the island on a visit in company with Diomedes, and the young king goes gladly back with them to join in the Trojan war and fulfil his destiny. The moral of this heroic comedy is very high. It inculcates one of the noblest lessons of antiquity, teaching that love and joy, even in their most alluring and innocent forms, should be but an episode in the life of a hero; and it enforces on his belongings a truth hard to understand, that those who have trodden with him some steps upon the glorious path to immortality should therewith be content, and vex his valiant soul with no vain repinings, while he goes forth to do and to die greatly. There are some passages of much eloquence in *Deidamia*, as might have been expected from the ripe fame of so eminent a dramatist as M. de Banville; and there is a singularly felicitous line put into the mouth of the old Island King when he vaunts his caution, saying:

There is a kiss of Winter on my beard,
As sign the Gods will guard me from imprudence.

For the rest, *Deidamia* is produced in a manner extremely creditable to the first classical theatre in France. The scenery of the Ægean Islands is admirably painted, and the dresses of the actors and actresses are learned studies in ancient costume faithfully carried out. Those who wish to know how easy and becoming, how handsome and rich in colouring, were the ancient Greek robes, should note how the dresses of the Island King's daughters are worn at the Odéon this winter. The most minute attention to detail has been scrupulously observed, and each crown and bracelet, each earring and necklace, is a copy from some authentic original known to antiquarians. The hair-dressing of the Greek ladies in M. de Banville's play is in its simple elegance a model which our modern ladies would display great artistic taste in adopting. Madame Roussel, the first tragic actress now upon the French stage, plays the part of Achilles with extraordinary spirit and energy, and it must be remembered that in so doing she has to wear male attire, and to look and act as a man. But she never for one moment loses her dignity. She throws new light, however, of a very tender and exquisite sort upon the art of love-making, and shows how maids can best be wooed and quickest won. It is impossible to fancy anything more sweet and truthful than the accents in which she plights her faith to Deidamia. To conclude, then, another stock piece, not unworthy the great poets of France, has been added to the already rich dramatic treasury of the Odéon.

COURT THEATRE.—Mr. Charles Coghlan's comedy, *Brothers*, will be withdrawn after Friday next, and, on Saturday evening, will be revived, for the first time at this theatre, Messrs. Tom Taylor and Dubourg's Haymarket comedy of *New Men and Old Acres*.

Mr. James Albery's new comic drama, in which Mr. Toole makes his re-appearance at the Gaiety on Monday week, December 2, is named *The Man in Possession*.

Hengler's Grand Cirque, in Argyle-street, opens for the winter season on Saturday next.

Messrs. Arthur Sketchley and F. C. Burnand have, it is stated, written a farcical comedy, entitled *The Headless Man*, for the Criterion.

ROYAL AQUARIUM THEATRE.—Mr. J. A. Cave has been engaged to produce a Christmas pantomime expressly for children, and to be performed every afternoon during the holidays. The pantomime, the opening of which is written by Mr. Frank Hall and Mr. Cave, and in which the latter gentleman will sustain the principal character, is entitled *Twinkle, Little Star, and Goody Two Shoes and Her Goody Little Geese*.

Planche's *Invisible Prince* will be revived at the Globe, at Christmas, with Miss Jennie Lee in the leading character.

A special morning performance of *Dan'l Druce* will take place at the Haymarket on Wednesday next.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—According to Mr. Neville's announcement of his prospective arrangements, the celebrated old farce, *Boots at the Swan*, originally produced at this theatre, is in rehearsal, in which Mr. J. Hill will for the first time essay the part of Jacob Earwig, and Miss Gerard makes her first appearance in London in the character of Cecilia Moonshine. The "Great Kentucky Rifle Team" are engaged for a limited period, and will appear during the Christmas holidays in a new American sensation drama; and Miss Ada Cavendish is to make her re-appearance here early in January, in a new drama by a well-known author.

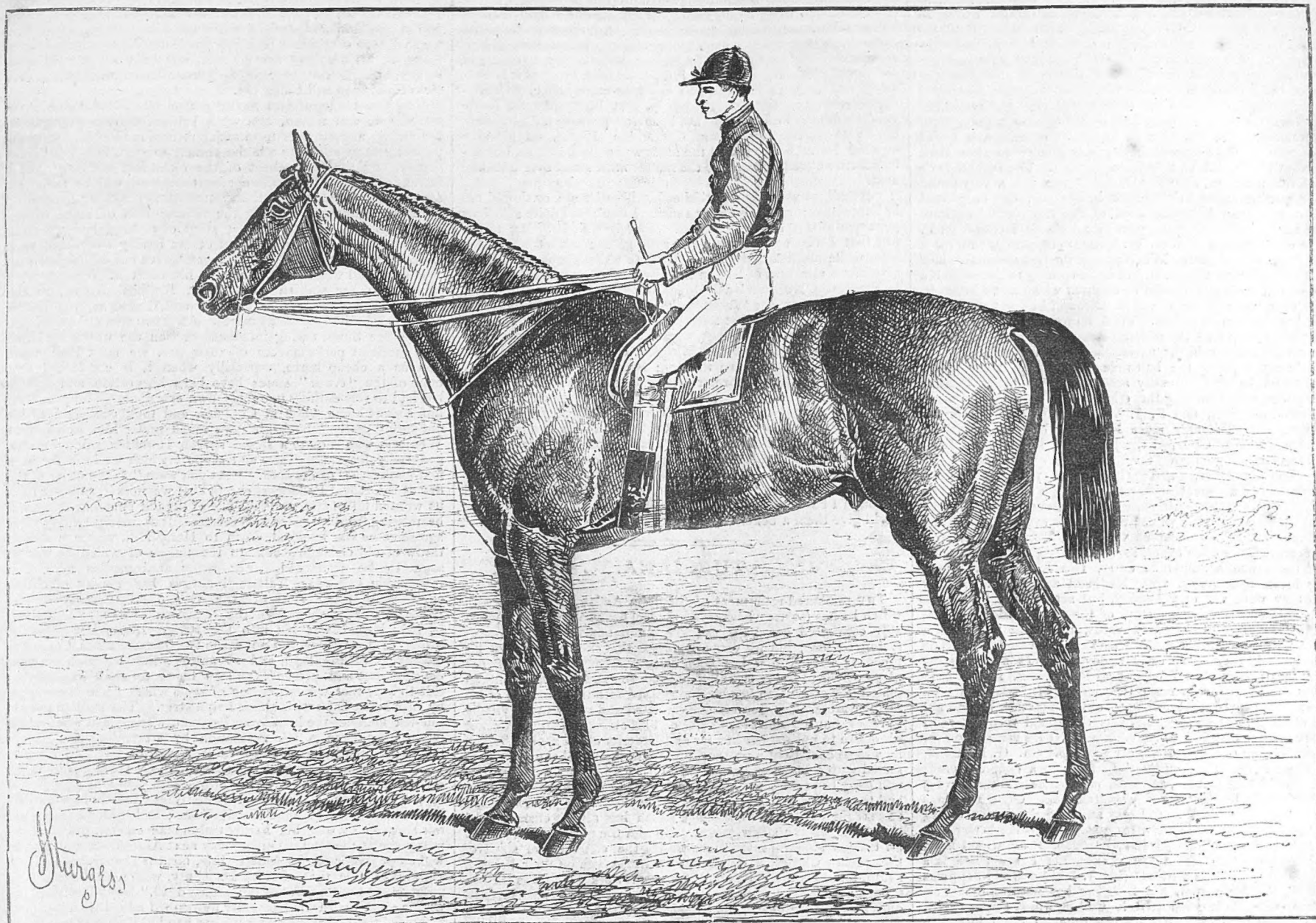
An accident of a very unfortunate character occurred at the Sefton Theatre, Park-road, on Monday evening. The company are at present playing *The Dead Hand*, and Mrs. Creamer, the wife of the lessee, sustains a part in the piece. At one point of the performance a pistol is fired at the back of the scenes, and Mrs. Creamer had the pistol in hand to do this, but just at the time the report should be made she handed the pistol to one of the men, asking him to fire it. Suddenly, however, changing her mind she thrust out her hand to get back the firearm, and as she was doing so the man pulled the trigger, and the result was that two or three of the fingers of the unfortunate lady were almost blown off.

THE "FUNNY FOLKS" ANNUAL is announced. It will comprise the largest sixpennyworth of original comic matter ever given to the public, including some fifty illustrated pages, and a cartoon by John Proctor.

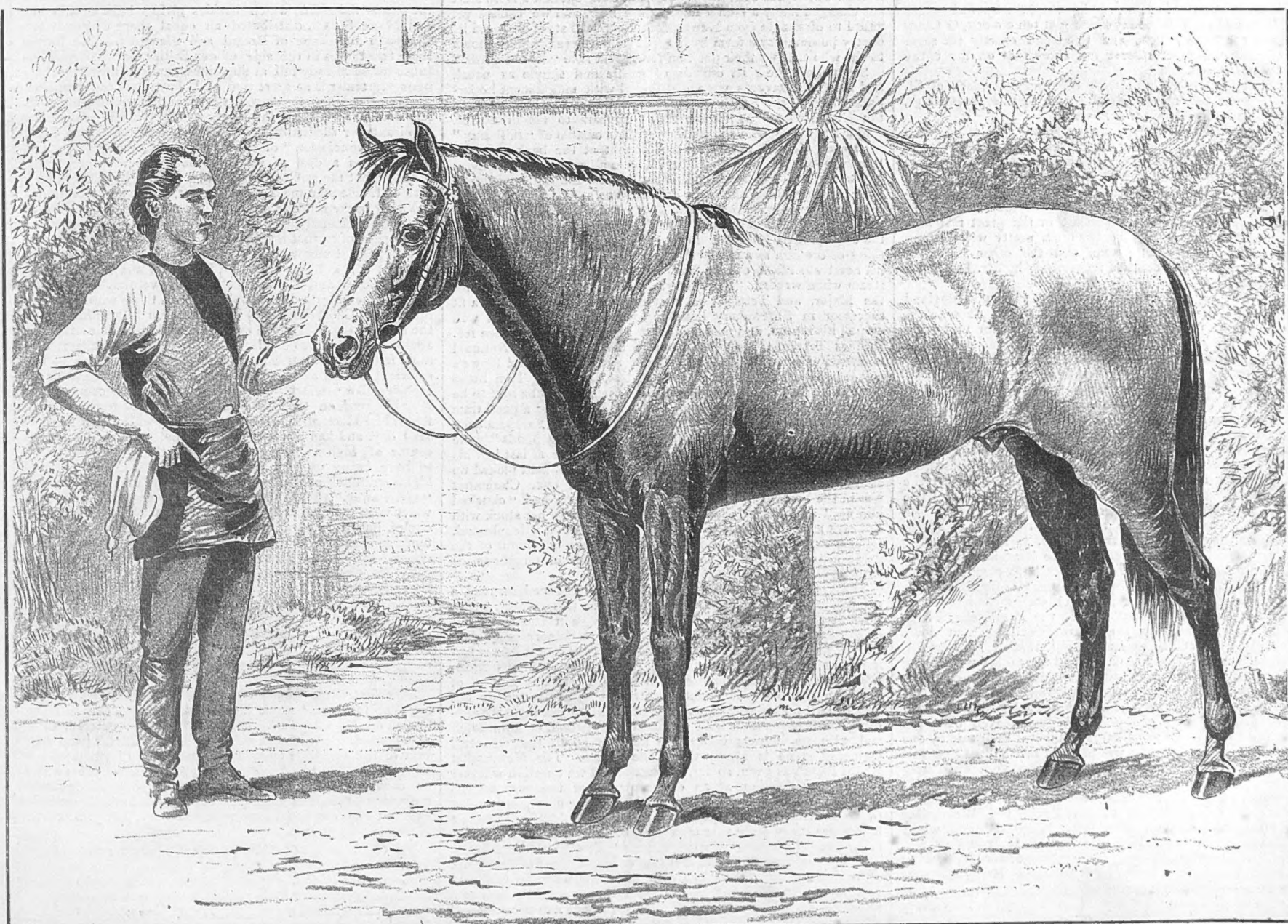


PRIZE POULTRY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

PORTUGUESE AND JAPANESE "CRACKS."



"LANSQUENET," WINNER OF THE GOVERNMENT PRIZE, AT BELEM, PORTUGAL.



THE JAPANESE RACE PONY "TYPHOON."

CRICKET, AQUATICS, AND ATHLETICS.

ATHLETICS since my last have not been too abundant, as although several fixtures had been arranged at Oxford, owing to the new ground only just being ready, the committee of the O.U.A.C. have decided not to allow it to be used until the Freshmen's Sports. A contemporary in the most ludicrous manner finds source for grief in the fact that this must prejudice the chance of the Dark Blue at Lillie Bridge—a piece of insanity I fail to appreciate, as it is absurd to fancy that any single member of the Varsity has the slightest idea of going into training until next term, and if the freshmen be unable to practice and get fit for their own sports, they will have a fair chance to show their real form at the O.U.A.C. Sports next spring. The second day's sport of the members of "The House" was not a very grand one, the performances being much below par, the only event causing any interest being the final of the 120 yards handicap, which Coleridge (6 yards start) won by a bare six inches from P. G. L. Webb (10 yards) and A. W. Everest (12 yards), who ran a dead-heat for second place. Webb passed the post simultaneously with Coleridge in his trial heat, but upon coming to the scratch a third time to decide who should be credited with second honours, previous exertions told the inevitable tale, and he had to succumb, Everest beating him by a yard. Vidal, although penalised a foot, won the wide jump with the miserable essay of 17ft 10½in. E. D. Hake won the quarter in the miserable time of 63sec, and, with 31 yards' start, secured the half-mile handicap in 2min 34sec, both victories being very easily accomplished. A. E. Daniell, with 82 yards, won throwing the cricket-ball (I have seen many schoolboys beat this), and S. J. Weyman cantered in for the two miles. Considerably more has been done at Fenner's, Cambridge, where Clare, St. John's, Trinity, and Jesus have been holding high revel. Clare was lucky in having fine weather, and their 150 yards Strangers' Handicap was a great success, although W. Armstrong (12 yards' start), a non-collegiate or unattached student, won easily at the finish by four yards; the college events being of the usual class. St. John's occupied two days, but nothing extraordinary occurred, the open event, as usual, being the great attraction, as there was a numerous entry, two London A.C. men putting in an appearance, viz., Dudgeon and Sturt. In my opinion they were not only harshly, but actually unfairly handicapped, and were simply spectators of the result, which declared A. Colvill, Emmanuel College, 12 yards, to be the winner by a yard "after a magnificent finish" says a contemporary. The Trinitarians held their sports on Monday and Tuesday, and some fair form was shown, but I cannot go into detail, suffice it to state that the champion hammer thrower, G. H. Hales, although penalised 30ft, proved that although out of practice, he had not lost his old form, as he won easily with the grand throw of 136ft 3½in. My readers may like to be reminded that his great throw for the championship of the present year was 138ft 3in. G. H. Dodd, Caius, 16 yards, won the Strangers' Quarter by a couple of yards from J. Brockbank, L.A.C., 20 yards, an old blue, the time 50 1-5 sec, being rather too hot for any scratch man. Other meetings stand over until next week. O'Leary and Crossland are walking at the Pomona Gardens, Manchester, to see who is the better man at 300 miles, the stake being said to be £200. From what I hear, the Yankee is very far from a fair walker, but I see there is a really good man there as a referee (Mr. J. Jenn) and as he appears to have his eye upon him, the Britisher has nothing to fear on that score, although it is reported in well-informed circles that it does not matter which way it goes this time. I don't intend to wade through the whole performances as to how long each individual was on the track, when they washed themselves, &c., as thank the stars I am not a "liner," but shall content myself by stating that at the opening of proceedings there were about 2,000 persons in attendance, and that at the end of twenty-four hours the Yankee had covered 111 miles 7½ laps, and the Sheffielder 112 miles 1½ laps, and on Wednesday evening at ten o'clock, O'Leary had covered 192 miles 7 laps, and Crossland exactly the same number of miles. I must reserve full comments on the entire match until next week.

The London Athletic Club assault of arms took place at St. James's Hall on the 22nd. A full report of the proceedings, with an illustration, will appear next week.

With the exception of college races and practice of the trial eights, there is but little going on in the way of aquatics to chronicle at either of the two universities. At Oxford there seems to be a great want of the most essential oarsman, a good stroke, but this perhaps in the trial eights is not of so great importance, as in all human probability one of the old blues will ultimately occupy that particular thwart in the great race next spring. At Cambridge the trial crews seem pretty well settled, one under Mr. Hocking, as stroke, and the other with Mr. Hoskyns at that post, and coached respectively by Mr. Lewis and Mr. Donaldson.

In reply to Higgins's challenge to scull any man in England over the championship course on the Thames for £200 a side, Boyd has replied that he will accommodate him for that sum, only he makes it a *sine qua non* that the race shall take place over the Tyne championship course. This is, I think, quite uncalled for on the part of Boyd, as it is an accepted fact that all races for the championship of England are rowed, or ought to be rowed, on the Thames. However there is, I fancy, very little doubt but that the men will ultimately come to terms. Trickett, according to advices from Newcastle, is not likely to have things all his own way in Australia, as one Rush, of Rockmouth, Clarence River, New South Wales, has ordered two boats from Messrs. Swaddle and Winship, one with a fixed seat, and the other with a sliding one, and it seems that he means to get to business at once with the conqueror of Sadler.

"Let us to billiards," once said the immortal bard of Avon, and with pleasure I accede to the request, as notwithstanding that young John Roberts is, according to Transatlantic intelligence, proving himself "no small pertaters," the companions he has left behind in the old country are getting fit for him ere he returns. Detailed accounts of exhibition matches can scarcely be expected here, but having stated that at the Hop Poles, Hammersmith, Cook, conceding the conventional 300, cut down Stanley easily, but lost the pyramids; and that at Notting-hill, playing on the same terms, Stanley turned the tables, winning by 429 points, after the champion had got within 16 points of him in the third century. I come to a four-handed match of 1,000 up, between W. Cook and Stanley against Tom Taylor and G. Hunt, the latter pair receiving 300 points. Hunt played badly all through, and by a bit of gross carelessness lost the game by one point, whilst Tom Taylor, who was playing for the first time this season in public, was showing his best form with everything against him. The best breaks were Cook 89 (28 spots), 83 (15 and 10 spots), 119 (35 spots); Taylor 91 (21 spots), 124 (38 spots), the other pair doing nothing extraordinary. On Wednesday evening I dropped in at the Castle Hotel, Kingsland-road, where Fred. Bennett was conceding 400 points in 1,000 to Mr. "Charles," the brother of one of our best amateurs, but for all that, he won, but not too easily, by 139 points. Kingsland-road at 12.30 a.m., however, is not the most pleasant of places to be left at, with no cabs about, when you require to get in the vicinity of Brompton.

Bicycling calls for a slight notice, as on Monday Keen, Stanton, Thuilleit, and Cann, of Sheffield, were disporting themselves

at Lillie Bridge for the benefit of the public in general, if the few spectators who put in an appearance can be thus described. The distance was twenty-five miles, Stanton having 1min start, Thuilleit 2min., and Cann 2min. Only the Frenchman attended Keen home, and he was beaten by over a mile and three-quarters, the champion's time being 1 hour 23min 43½sec—yet another *fastest on record*. I wish they would have a genuine try against old chronos at once, and settle this little affair for a time, as it is perfectly sickening to have, after every gate-money spec, to say—"This is the best time on record." Not being like Sir Boyle Roche's famous bird, I could not keep my promise of attending the Victoria Skating Rink, Cambridge Heath, on Monday evening last. I understand the affair was a great success, but details have not reached me, so the matter must stand over until my next.

Football, as usual, is plentiful as blackberries are, or should be, in September; and my editor fancies I don't pay quite sufficient attention to this branch of sport. Perhaps this is owing to the fact that I don't personally admire the game; but let him wait a little while until I have nothing else to write about, and I will give him a rare turn of leather hunting. Up north last Saturday, at Newcastle, Northumberland played Durham University, and a rare match it was, the Varsity being defeated by a goal and three tries to a goal. The First Surrey Rifles, at Camberwell, gave the Civil Service, who were short, a rare drubbing, beating them by two goals to none; London Hospital beat Charing Cross Hospital by four touches down to a try; Richmond and Hampstead were about equal, the former getting four touches down to one, but no goal. The R.E. beat Cambridge University on their own ground by a goal to nil. Christ Church, Oxford, journeyed to Eton College and beat the boys (Rugby Game) by two rouges to nothing; Woolwich obtained a try against nothing when playing Oxford University; Clapham Rovers beat Westminster School by four goals to none; and so on, *ad infinitum*. All these matches took place last Saturday, with any amount of others; and although I have not indulged my readers much in this line to-day, I will give them a benefit next week. EXON.

TURFIANA.

THE rumoured retirement of Sir John Astley from circles with which he has (to use a hackneyed phrase) been so long and honourably connected has been the latest talk among the *flâneurs* of racing society; but we very much hope that the dispersion of his breeding stud, which has been authoritatively announced, has given colour to the report alluded to above, and that the contemplated sale at Elsham has been magnified into the break-up of his racing stable. Sir John may have acted and spoken unadvisedly at times, but no one ever questioned his sincerity of purpose nor his desire to uphold the honour and integrity of the sport of which he was so consistent a patron. Of touts he may have been possessed with a holy horror, and his battle against those individuals will long be remembered; but this is surely a pardonable vagary, and thoroughly in accordance with the bluff straightforwardness and soldierly dislike of espionage which has always characterised the owner of the straw jacket. To him the public are indebted for the few modern institutions which the conservative spirit of the Jockey Club has doled out to trespassers on their beloved heath, and long after the portentous earthwork which was thrown up against the army of professional horsewatchers has been levelled once more to the heath, the Stand will remain as a landmark of a different kind, and the name of Astley must always be associated with its construction. Sir John's luck has certainly been sufficiently bad of late to break any owner's heart, but however questionable may have been the market dealings with his horses, no one for one moment supposed that everything was not fair and square so far as their owner was concerned. A good clear-out and a fresh start has changed many a man's luck before now, and we cannot yet afford to dissociate from Newmarket Heath the stout grey and its cheery burden, nor a form by his side almost equally well known to all, who take up their position for a great race "by the cords."

Shrewsbury drew its crowds of gentle and simple as usual, and the C.C.'s favours were distributed with magnificent impartiality, though the South was of course better represented than the North, where the "close time" appears to set in earlier. Major Stapylton, who adopts the courser's custom of "initialing" his horses, did not miss his usual benefit at the back end, and Speranza, Serape, and Sign Manual were all returned at the head of the poll. The first named, a remarkably shapely Thormanby mare, has risen from the ranks of platers to hold her own in good company, at weight for age, and has scored well nigh half a score of victories since March last. The youngsters are by Blue Mantle, the elegant little Kingston horse we all remember carrying everything before him as a two-year-old some fourteen years ago, until his heart was raced out of him, and he declined to put on the steam when wanted. Humphreys has done well this season for the Major, and Tetrarch is another of his chickens, and a fit successor in Shrewsbury honours to old Syrian, who has well earned his repose, and now stands at Myton at a 25-guinea fee. Besides Tetrarch, Mogador can also claim the Grand National winner, Pathfinder, and it is worthy of remark that Lord Howe's colt is bred just reverse ways to Favonius, by a King Tom horse out of a Parmesan mare, so that the "cheese" may be said to be cut both ways. The unfashionable sires had rather a good time of it at Shrewsbury, and Macadam, Bonfire, and Fareham each scored twice, which looks as if "rogues and vagabonds" were served by the course. Brother to Royal George at last lost his maidenhood, and we trust gains a name; and Fyfield picked up another crumb or two during the meeting. For once Claremont was in the humour to try, running just as his party had "chucked him up," and it is strange how Coimbra throws all her stock with evil eyes and mouse-hearts, as witness the Druid, Glenalmond, Orleans and Co. Let us hope that the "gentle Hermit of the dale" may tone down all the little eccentricities of temper on the part of his late consort.

The Queen's Plates' returns are before us, and we have read a sensible article in the *Field* of last week upon this subject, which sums up the situation pretty accurately, though it strikes us that its conclusions are rather premature. The machinery is only on its trial as yet, and another season will hardly bring it into working order, for the hearts of owners and trainers do not turn towards these novel experiments all at once. As to any amount of amalgamation being sufficient to attract Cup horses, we do not believe in it for an instant, as it is difficult to get together anything like a respectable field at Ascot, Goodwood, or Doncaster, and, with no betting before the numbers go up, the "Queen's Guineas" game is hardly worth the candle. The Newmarket Royal Plate has been, so far, a success, but we question whether in any other place, or at an earlier period of the year, owners would be found to pull out their cracks, and the only course seems to be to withdraw the grant altogether from localities where a failure has taken place year after year, or to "lump" the sum into fatter prizes for centres of sport which are able to attract a better class of competitors. With this suggestion of the *Field* we quite agree, but we are not at one with the writer when he begins to talk of the royal grant taking the form of added money to a sweepstakes. With the inevitable "penalties and allowances," we should soon be drifting towards the doubtful shores of handicapping, and the whole intent and meaning of the gift would be subverted. Looking over the list of winners last season, though

we fail to hit upon any *clarum et venerabile nomen*, the company is fairly select, and, judging by the antecedents of Lillian and Charon, something nearly approaching to top handicap form. The average of runners is about the same as in previous years, and in Scotland and Ireland there was a walk-over. Next year, we shall turn over a new leaf, and Rosebery, if he cannot shine in Cups, as his admirers vow he will, will have a fine field open to him, and he can become as great a leader on circuit as ever were Fisherman and Caller Ou.

Now that the legitimate racing season has faded away into a mere name and record, and while statisticians are at work in the various departments from which returns are looked for by the public, greater attention will be turned to our sources of future supply, and the front sheet of the *Calendar*, with its weekly increasing display of stallion advertisements, will be the great attraction to breeders and others interested in the rising generation of thoroughbreds. Already the visiting lists of some of our most eligible sires are on the point of closing, and we shall expect to hear announcements of others having completed their "elect" very shortly. See Saw, we observe has exchanged with Wenlock, and while the latter holds his court at Weston, Lord Wilton's other stallion receives, at Rufford Abbey, in the distinguished company of Parmesan and Cremorne, the former of which is limited to twenty mares. After two seasons' experience of the See Saws, taking into consideration the wonderful blood and excellent performances of their sire, we must look upon him as a cheap horse, especially when it is considered that none of the "crack" mares have been his portion, and that he has had to rely entirely upon his own exertions. Many dubbed him a short horse while at Cobham, and took exception to his not very "pretty" hocks, but we much prefer him, as a sire, to Wenlock, who is quite a single speech Hamilton among racers, and sadly lacks the "size and scope" which we look for in a first-class father of the stud. "As you were," is the order of the day at the Royal Paddocks, except that we miss Trumpeter from its wonted bill of fare, and thus one of the old standing dishes will be missing from his place next season. It is nearly twenty years ago since he was knocked down to Harry Hill, within a stone's throw of old Orlando's box, to the tenure of which he was so soon to be promoted. For many anniversaries after this memorable sale, Mr. Tattersall always had his bit of cheery chaff with bluff Hal of the ring, and "Where's Mr. Hill?" was universally the question when "something by your horse" was led into the Ring. But of late years the owner of Trumpeter has not made the journey down to see the nakedness of the land, and so another link has been snapped between past and present; and we linger no more by the Ring side to hear that wordy passage of arms which came round year by year between its two oldest frequenters. The stallion private sale-list includes the handsome Bertram, who spoiled what might have been a fair reputation by attempting too high a "rope;" Mandrake and Tynedale, a pair of Sheffield Laners, with fine paper pedigrees; Lemnos, who we are assured, has grown into a remarkably nice horse, with plenty of power, and very like his sire; those two everlastings, the hollow-backed Friponnier and the unreformed Rake; and Siderolite, a good fair horse in his day, but hardly truly made enough to command patronage at the stud. On Monday next Alpenstock and Kaiser will come up for sale at Albert Gate, but the former has had but an unprofitable time of it at Danebury, where all they have to point to are the "graves of the mighty dead," Bay Middleton and Crucifix, each with its triangular flower-bed edged with box, and memorial trees planted by a vanished hand. Kaiser succeeded in reaching very nearly the top of the tree, but an envious fate persistently kept him from perching among the highest branches, and both heart and limbs failed at last. His "shadow," Gang Forward has arrived in the land of his adoption, and it was ill-luck for both Nunery bay and Manton chestnut to be born in the *annus mirabilis*, which besides giving birth to a Doncaster and Marie Stuart, distributed an equal share of her favours to France in the shape of Boiard and Flageolet. The former of these two thorns in the side of our British born coursers has his subscription already full at 60 guineas, and we hear that the rush upon Mortemer is so great that M. Lefevre has been recommended to keep the horse to himself, the great financier having found it impossible to "place" the shares equitably among the numerous applicants for subscription. Would it not pay Baron Grant to obtain a "concession" of the big chestnut's services?

There was a deal of smoke without fire at Albert Gate, last Monday, but the public would not be denied the chance of a good look at Lowlander and Tam o'Shanter, which many of them had probably backed, but had never seen in their lives. We heard the usual exclamations in reference to the former among the scarlet brigade, of "what fine hunters he'd get," and there were some others present who would not have objected to keep the big chestnut for a higher mission, but there was not much money moving about, and "bought in" was the verdict. The poor old Ghost came in for a deal of obloquy from those who had stood by him for the Cambridgeshire, but there was no genuine ring about the sale, and both Blanton and Bates will take their cracks home again. "Tam" was bandaged all round, but we take it there is more failing in temper than in understandings, and, as he has not sufficient size for a stallion, we may make his acquaintance in the capacity of a "neutral" during the next racing campaign. Mr. Rymill's yard on the previous Friday had all the appearance of the White Hart, at Newmarket, on the morning of a Two Thousand day, and had it not been for the presence of the usual concourse of high-flavoured East-enders, the place might be said to have borne quite a festive aspect. Mr. Chennell should be highly gratified at the result of his sale, for there was nothing "given away," and, if we mistake not, some gems of the very first water were brought to light. There is not much gossip in racing circles, but it is now stated on good authority that Mr. Gee intends selling off in the spring, and there are reports that the whole concern at Dewhurst is for sale, from Scottish Chief to the stable cat. Mr. Gee's collection of brood mares is one of the finest in the kingdom, but we fancy the heart of their owner has never been so thoroughly in his work since Lord Clifden's death, which must be regarded as more than ever a loss, now that Petrarch has caused him to be hailed for the third time as the sire of a St. Leger winner. SKYLARK.

THE first match of the newly established Thames Valley Sailing Club took place at the head-quarters of the club in Hampton Reach on Saturday last. Eleven boats were entered, of which nine started. The match was won by the Tartar (who had the best of the start) by 2min 14sec from the Playmate, the latter being 10sec ahead of Minx (third). The prizes were awarded in the evening by the vice-commodore of the club, who presided at a dinner at the Red Lion Hotel. Any information respecting this new club can be had from the secretary, Mr. J. S. Partridge, Hampton, Middlesex.

POLICE-CONSTABLE Cox, of the Somersham constabulary, has been beaten to death by a gang of poachers whom he met in the highway near Yeovil. His assailants battered in his skull with large sticks. Another constable named Stacey, who accompanied him, was also attacked in a ferocious manner, and now lies in the Yeovil hospital, his head being much injured. The murderers have escaped, but it is stated that they are well known, and that the police are on their track.

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OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

THERE can be no doubt that the management of the St. James's Theatre can find ample precedent for assuming that strong domestic drama is eminently congenial to the audiences who frequent that house. It was there that *Lady Audley's*



"The Campbells are coming"

Secret first made a profound impression in its dramatic form under the auspices of Miss Herbert. *Aurora Floyd* also, if I be not mistaken, was produced there with profitable results. *Fernandez* was the rage at the St. James's, as long as it was permitted to remain on that stage; and *East Lynne*, even in its after



glow, was able to "pull up" the receipts of the almost moribund *Vert-Vert* company; while, only last season, the best domestic drama that has been written for many a year, *Les Danicheff*, was a brilliant success at the same theatre.

In producing *The Virginian*, doubtless it was expected by the management that this *chef-d'œuvre* of an American author would

prove a distinguished addition to the series of successful domestic dramas which have lent lustre to the St. James's. It is a pity, though, that such expectations should not have been founded upon a more rational basis. For presuming the play to have been first read in the usual course, it is inconceivable, however strong the situations might have seemed, that the hearers (being principally artists of culture and the highest experience) should not immediately have perceived in the literary style a tone rather out of harmony with the tastes of educated people in this ancient capital. I do not for a moment mean to assert that the tastes of these latter are not all so free, noble, and exalted as the tastes of the unfettered sires of the glorious and independent West whom Mr. Bartley Campbell is fain to deify in *The Virginian*. On the contrary, I think we have rather lost than otherwise our relish for virtue, magnanimity, and all those higher characteristics of man which appear to shine so prominently in the natives of "Ole Virginny," since the abolition of the slave trade. I suppose it is to our everlasting shame that we Europeans have grown so cynical, that when we hear a man constantly rhetorising about honour, and love, and justice, and truth, and "doing unto others as he'd like others to do unto him," we begin to suspect rather than to admire him. In truth, the capital cities of Europe are confirmed old roués. They won't be evangelised at any price. If Moody and Sankey could not convert them from the pulpit, it may be safely assumed that Mr. Bartley Campbell will not succeed in doing it from the stage. However, though their novels may be loose, their taste in all matters artistic is to be relied upon. And they are constantly urging artists to arrive as near perfection as



Mr. Walter Pelham singing "The Banks of the sweet Dundee"

possible. And with reason may be said of them what was said of a certain Venetian gentleman by my lord Byron:—

His "bravo" was decisive, for that sound
Hush'd "academie" sighed in silent awe,
The fiddlers trembled as he looked around,
For fear of some false note's detected flaw;
The prima-donna's tuneful heart would bound,
Dreading the deep damnation of his "Bah!"

To come before such a tribunal unknown is a solemn step on the part of any artist, more especially if the artist be a dramatic author, because the taste of Europe in this respect becomes more and more refined and arbitrary every day. Not, be it remarked, as regards the subject matter which the artist may select to work upon, but with relation solely to the finish and completeness of his workmanship. Thus many of the playful flights of enthusiastic fancy, which the yet unscalped dramatist fondly looks upon as embellishments, are by the critic condemned as obtrusive and offensive encrustations. This is doubtless very harsh; but when one comes to consider that for centuries this London of ours has produced the purest and best specimens of literary style, it is not to be wondered at if we are somewhat fastidious upon the matter.

To return to *The Virginian*. Although Mr. Bartley Campbell's experience of the stage makes itself sufficiently evident in a general way, yet, in this drama, he is totally neglectful of all the more subtle niceties of construction. His play is composed of broad contrasts, rudely put together, while, in the development of his story he shows a singular disregard of the fitness of things, which entirely destroys all chance of sustained sympathy. In fact, Vandyke Vernon, the hero of the play, who is made continually to trumpet his own eulogium, proves himself, at every emergency where manly conduct might be expected, a mere poltroon.

He marries a woman whose husband is supposed to be dead, and when, after living with her for four years, the first husband turns up, and claims his wife, he yields her tamely up, as he himself says, from high moral principle. But to any intelligent spectator, it looks more as if he were frightened of his rival's superior stature and evident ferocity. Any born daughter of Eve would immediately despise a man who would so tamely yield her up, and the true dramatic situation would have been for Kate to turn upon the sanctimonious Virginian in all the fierceness of outraged love,



"The big drum" warbling.

take up their child, and, refusing to live with either of her husbands, sally forth upon the wide world alone.

I have not space to further analyse this play. One or two of the situations are ancient, but would be none the less effective for that, were they not tacked on to the ends of the acts in so inconsequential a manner.

Of the actors, little can be said but praise. A better company than Mrs. John Wood's could not be found anywhere. Miss Lydia Foote stands in the very first rank of our emotional actresses, and she makes the most of the few opportunities which the part of Kate Calvert affords her of displaying her exquisite art. Mr. George Honey needs no praise from me; but I have never seen



him in so trying a part, and I admire the courageous way in which he grapples with it. As for Mrs. John Wood, somehow she has the faculty of making any part entertaining. Miss Telbin proves herself a valuable acquisition to the London stage. Mr. Benbrook is excellent in his small part, and of Mr. S. Piercy it must be said that he accurately represents the character which the author has assigned him.

I had the pleasure of witnessing the other evening a private performance by a gentleman who has been too little seen in public. I mean Mr. Walter Pelham, who last year was the great attraction of Mrs. Howard Paul's entertainment. As a mimic of facial expression Mr. Pelham is unsurpassed. The performance to which I have alluded is very quaint, humorous, and characteristic, being the recitation of a primitive country-side ballad—a story of love, jealousy, and slaughter "by the banks of the sweet Dundee." Mr. Pelham illustrates this by the most comical of boorish sketches, and the whole effect of the thing is irresistibly ludicrous. I hope Mr. Pelham will soon give the public an opportunity of laughing at a more extended version of this quaint and novel absurdity.

REVIEWS.

How to Learn the Morse Alphabet in Half an Hour; by the author of *International Correspondence by Means of Numbers* (published by E. Marlborough and Co.), has been written for the use of persons commencing the study of the Morse Telegraph and Army Signalling. As we have no present occasion for the Morse Alphabet we have not tried to learn it, but we think we could in the time specified. The instructions are admirably lucid and simple.

Medical Hints on the Production and Management of the Singing Voice. By LENNOX BROWNE, F.R.C.S. Edin. Illustrated with diagrams by the Author. London: Published by Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond-street, W. 1876. This is a most admirable pamphlet of about fifty pages, which all those who sing or desire to master the art of singing would do well to obtain and study. To the singing master there are many valuable hints which we have never before seen published, the excellent instructions as to breathing and phrasing cannot fail to benefit the student, and we quite agree with the author that a voice, however poor, can, with study on the proper method (so clearly set forth in this little work), be strengthened and made pleasing both to singer and listener.

The Natural History Album. Frederick Warne and Co.—A capital book to present to a little boy or girl at Christmas. The illustrations, which are abundant, are for the most part well drawn and coloured, and the descriptive text contains a fund of old and new information which he that runs may enjoyably read and profit by.

The Swan and Her Crew, or the Adventures of Three Young Naturalists and Sportsmen on the Broads and Rivers of Norfolk. By G. Christopher Davies. Frederick Warne and Co.—Possessing all the charm which, before we became *blasé*, clothed for us "Sandford and Merton" and "Evenings at Home," as learned, in a loving, quaint way, as White's "Natural History of Selborne," as trustworthy an authority—it seems to us—on bird-life, as a grave book from the pen of the infallible Mr. Tegetmeier, "The Swan and Her Crew" should speedily take an honourable place in a library of boys' classics. We predict many editions for "The Swan and Her Crew." It is destined, or we know nothing of boy nature, to enjoy a dog-eared existence extending over generations yet unborn. The author has got the right touch. He understands boys. He does not write over their heads, as Charles Kingsley did. The pill which he gilds is so pleasant to the palate it needs no gilding, and, if it did, he knows the dearest and most illusive manner of applying the leaf. We have read Mr. Davies's handsome volume from end to end, with rare relish. That boy who does not derive twentyfold more enjoyment from the author's fresh pages which we have derived, must not reckon us amongst his list of friends.

A Book of the Play. Studies and Illustrations of Histrionic Story, Life and Character. By DUTTON COOK. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle and Rivington. The Preface states that "this book is designed to serve and entertain those interested in the transactions of the Theatre—now much more than for many years past, an object of attention in England," and without pretending to deal with anything new, or to be in any way, "a formal and complete history of the stage," collects and records some of the minor details of theatrical records classified under separate heads and chapters. Thus in the first

volume we have a chapter on English Playgoers, ancient and modern, in the course of which a curious letter gives us an idea of what kind of folks might be found in the pit of the Surrey Theatre early in the present century, thus addressing the manager Elliston says:—"Sir,—I really must beg to call your attention to a most abominable nuisance which exists in your house, and which is, in a great measure, the cause of the minor theatres not holding the rank they should amongst playgoers. I mean the admission of sweeps into the theatre in the very dress in which they climb chimneys, &c." This chapter might be more full with advantage, as it omits many curious peculiarities of last century audiences. In the second chapter we have a brief account of the old masters of the revels, the ancient representatives of our present Lord Chamberlain, to whose office and its duties Chapter III. is devoted. Some of the anecdotes show the ludicrous sides of these things very amusingly. Chapter IV. deals with the Examiner of Plays, a more permanent functionary than the Lord Chamberlain who only holds office during the supremacy of his political party. In 1775, as Mr. Cook points out, the Licensor held to the old tradition that the British drama's existence was a thing altogether dependent upon the Royal will and pleasure, and one with which the British public had little or no concern. The now amusing, but then very annoying and humiliating inconsistent eccentricities of George Colman as Examiner of Plays, are dealt with. Playbills form a text for the next series of comments and anecdotes. O'Keefe's story of Mossop and his trained monkey is funny. According to agreement, the monkey and its owner's name were to be announced in the type not less than a given large size, and the result when the bills appeared was that at a very little distance the only words readable were—MOSSOP MONKEY. Not by any means the least interesting chapter is that devoted to Strolling Players, although as we perused it a crowd of amusing and illustrative stories of the old strolling days were in our mind, which might well have lengthened it.

Our space will not allow us this week to dwell upon the remaining chapters of Mr. Dutton Cook's very readable volumes, which we reserve for further notice.

Aimard's Indian Tales. Edited by Percy B. St. John. London: G. Vickers. These well-known stories of stirring adventures are admirably suited for the purpose they are issued to serve, being intended for boys, and providing all those elements of excitement in scenes of danger and daring in which our lads find delight without the mischievous and unwholesome qualities common to cheap and nasty stories of the "penny awful" type. Low in price, convenient in size, well printed, and altogether neatly and carefully got up, they are likely to find a vast number of young readers and to be extremely popular with them, especially amongst boys who have been sufficiently educated to detect the coarsely vulgar, and illiterate character of the "awful" writers whose works have of late been so often justly and forcibly denounced.

Gold. Translated from the German of Arthur Von Studnitz, by Mrs. Brewer, with additions by Edwin W. Shuter. Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly. Under the above attractive title we have a concise work on the laws of various countries relating to the quality and manufacture of gold and silver wares, in which it is shown that in England the purchaser has the greatest chance of being deceived as to the actual value of articles worked by the goldsmith than in any other country, because the law allows certain amalgamations of metals containing a very limited quantity of the precious metal to be sold under the name of "gold," thus misleading to the public. Mr. Shuter's crusade against this kind of trading, and the introduction of jewellery made entirely of 18 carat gold, has gained for him a very deserved reputation. There is much valuable information in "Gold," and the author's additions, and map of countries and districts producing the precious metal, are especially interesting. The English Government has ordered a considerable number of copies of the book for distribution.

The Art Union of London, in providing its usual annual engraving, has selected for its subject that of an original painting by Armitage, representing Mary and Joseph inquiring for "the

child Jesus" on the occasion of their taking him to the great feast of the Passover at Jerusalem.

The subject has been most skillfully and effectively translated into black and white by Mr. Jeens, and we are enabled to publish an opinion, expressed by Mr. Ruskin, in reference to the plate in a letter to the engraver.

"My Dear Sir,—I ought to have written on Saturday to thank you very sincerely and earnestly for the help given me, both by your own lesson and by the marvellous engraving you entrusted me with. I hope you will derive some pleasure from my fervent admiration of your work, and the extreme interest taken in it and the subject it illustrates, by my pupils.—Ever gratefully yours, "J. RUSKIN."

MONTHLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

DUFF AND STEWART, 147, Oxford-street, W. "Gentle Words" is a ballad, composed by W. C. Levey. The words are simple, and so is the melody. Being free from the usual love element, the song may probably be serviceable for teaching purposes. "One love alone" is written by S. K. Cowan, "whose true no-meaning puzzles more than sense," and who ought really to publish the key to such mysterious sentences as the opening quatrain:—

"A light in deepening gloom
Our bright hopes fade,
And brightest flowerets bloom
To fade again."

The first couplet is a conundrum. The second implies that flowerets can bloom after they have faded, and can "fade again." Mr. Cowan subsequently asks:—

"What matter, though Hope's beams
Are dark above?"

We have never seen a dark sunbeam, and therefore cannot answer Mr. Cowan's question. Neither can we understand why Mr. B. Tours should waste his time in setting such words, nor why the eminent firm of Duff and Stewart should publish such a song. Mr. Tours has done his best to render it musically interesting, but has signally and deservedly failed. "A Song of Promises" is the comic song by Mr. H. Paulton in Mr. F. Clay's opera "Don Quixote," and if not brilliantly witty, is at least free from indelicacy, and easy to sing. Mr. Charles Coote's "Don Quixote Quadrilles" contain some of the best melodies in the opera, and are well adapted to dancing purposes.

LAMBORN COCK, 63, New Bond-street, W. "The Wreck of the Hesperus" is a setting of Longfellow's poem, as a trio for three female voices. The composer is Mr. Louis N. Parker, associate of the R.A. Music. He has shown high qualities in this work, which had already been well set by one of our best musicians, Mr. J. L. Hatton. We have not lately seen so meritorious a work. The story is well told, and all legitimate sources of musical illustrations are utilised, without pretence or vulgarity. Mr. Parker does not imitate every kind of natural sound referred to in the poem, but he makes you sympathise with the story by higher means, and the apparent simplicity of the music when the skipper's death is described is the outcome of real power, and is full of pathos. The harmonies are admirable, the voices are not over-taxed, and this setting of "The Wreck of the Hesperus" will be an invaluable boon to cultivated lady amateurs in search of an effective trio for female voices. "A Willow Bird" is a four-part song for female voices, by the same composer, who has caught the feeling of Shelley's picturesque words, and has written a beautiful part song. "If thou art sleeping, maiden," is a setting of Longfellow's serenade from the "Spanish student" as a duet for two equal voices. The 6-8 melody is flowing and graceful, and is delightfully harmonised. This duet cannot be too highly recommended. "Menuetto and Trio" for pianoforte by the same composer, will not be found equal in merit to the vocal works just noticed. We expect great things hereafter from Mr. Louis N. Parker, whose name is almost entirely new to us.

(To be continued next week.)

We regret to have to announce the death, on Tuesday week, of Mr. D. M. Brunton, one of the foremost athletes of the Scottish Inter-University Sports.

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1877.

STALLIONS for the SEASON, at **OLD OAK FARM, SHEPHERD'S BUSH**, three miles from Albert Gate on the Uxbridge Road. **LORD LYON** (winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger), (foaled 1863), by Stockwell, out of Paradigm (dam of Man-at-arms, Blue mantle, Gardevisure, and Achievement), by Paragon—Ellen Horne, by Redshanks—Delhi, by Plenipo; the sire of many winners. At 50 Guineas, and 1 Guinea the Groom.

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CROWN PRINCE, bay horse (foaled 1863) by Newminster out of Princess Royal by Slane, her dam by Bay Middleton; winner of many valuable races in England and Ireland.

The above horse is the sire of Daydream, winner of the Great Eastern Railway Handicap in 1873, &c., &c.

LORD KEITH, brown horse by Keith (son of Blair Athol) out of Blanchette (Newry's dam) by The Baron, 3 yrs; valuable as a stallion.

MARS (foaled in 1869), bay horse (brother to Idus) by Wild Dayrell out of Freight by John o' Gaunt; with good action, covered last season in Yorkshire.

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GREYHOUNDS.—Messrs. W. & S. FREEMAN, Proprietors of Aldridge's, St. Martin's-lane, London, will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION (This Day), SATURDAY, Nov. 25, 1876, at ONE O'CLOCK precisely (within the Carriage Department), SEVENTY Valuable GREYHOUNDS, including the entire Kennel (save one), the property of T. C. Lister, Esq., Skipton, also his POINTERS and SETTERS, the kennel of the late C. R. Meacher, Esq., SAPPLINGS from C. E. Marlett, Esq., also from Mr. W. Morgan, Mr. R. J. B. Greenway, and other Coursing gentlemen. On View at ALDRIDGE'S.

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For full lists apply to Mr. VAN HAANSBERGEN, Woodlands Hall, Consett, Co. Durham.

FOR SALE, STALLIONS, BROOD MARES, and FOALS, &c.—The STALLIONS, STENTOR and IDUS, and the WHOLE WOODLANDS STUD OF BROOD MARES, by Stockwell, Ratanaplan, Newminster, Voltigeur, Lambton, Kingston; Oxford, King of Trumps, Saunterer, Hobbie Noble, &c., and FOALS by Macgregor, Stentor, Ranger, and Muskot.

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FAMOUS PLAYERS OF THE PAST CENTURY.

XVI.—MRS. MATTOCKS.*

One cold March evening in the year 1735 the players of Drury Lane Theatre were sitting on long forms, settles, and chairs round a cheerfully blazing fire in the scene-room, chatting and laughing cosily enough. The play was almost done, and what was then called "the entertainment" or afterpiece was about to commence. There was young Arne dressed as a woman; Mr. Fabian the dramatic author, whose farce—*The Fop's Fortune*—was that night to be played; Mr. Francis Lee and Mr. Ellis Roberts, Mr. Kitchen, Mr. Cole, Thomas Salway, and Mr. Mills, jun., and various other members of the company; and there were sounds of quarrelsome voices raised to a high pitch outside, in what was called the hall, situated between the big room they sat in, and the stage.

Mills, sen., the great tragedian of the day, coming from the stage where he had been playing *Juba*, finds Charles Macklin, the Irish comedian, usually a quiet and peaceable, although passionate, man—as all the company afterwards solemnly said, some in a court of justice—quarrelling with Thomas Hallam, a rival comedian, about a wig.

It appears that this was the second night of the new farce by Mr. Fabian, in which Macklin—who was then playing comedy parts—personated Sancho. In dressing for this character, with his characteristic care and skill, Mr. Macklin had found amongst the stock wigs of the establishment one which helped his make-up of a lean long face, suitable to his part, with wonderfully good effect, and he was delighted to secure it. This wig the rival come-

dian had taken from Macklin's dressing-room, and the rage of the Irishman when he saw him wearing it, and heard him coolly assert his right to it, may be imagined. Suppressing his feelings, however, he asked for its return as a favour, and was refused. Hence the quarrel which was heard both by the scene-room fireside and on the stage.

Says the great tragedian to the great comedians. "What's the matter with you? We can't play for the noise you make," and on hearing the cause of the quarrel he turns to Hallam, saying, "Don't be impudent, Hallam, give him the wig;" to do which Hallam obstinately refuses, and Macklin, with an oath, remarks, "Such a little rascal ought to be made an example of." Whereupon Mills, having no time to lose, leaves them squabbling, and goes to his "shift," as the actor's dressing-room was then called.

"You are a scoundrel to deny that as a favour which I may demand as a right," cries Macklin, as he hurries away to appeal to Mr. Cibber, the manager.

"I am no more a scoundrel than you are," cries Hallam, as he too leaves the hall.

"That wild Irishman, Macklin's, been bullying me like a pickpocket, about a comedy wig," says Hallam, as he joins his brother players round the scene room fire. And before he can explain, flushed and hot, in comes Macklin, again demanding his wig. Mr. Fabian, Mr. Wills, and the rest advise Hallam to give up the wig; still he obstinately declines, until Thomas Whitaker, the property man, comes in with another wig like the one in question, and offers it to Mr. Hallam, who, saying, "It's the better wig of the two," takes off that he is wearing and insolently throws it at Macklin. This does not improve the Irishman's temper, and he asks fiercely "Why he couldn't return the wig before?"

Hallam replies, "Because you used me like a pickpocket;" at which Macklin, desperately indignant, rises, grasping a stick, which he used in his part of a Spanish servant, damns him for a puppy, and crying "Get out," makes a thrust at him.

In an instant the scene of previous merriment and laughter is changed to one of horror and alarm.

"Good God!" cries Macklin, as he hurls his stick into the fire, "what have I done?"

Poor Hallam, turning suddenly as Macklin's thrust was made, the end of the stick, with a sickening sound, had entered his eye, and throwing up his arms with a shriek of anguish, he had reeled, and fallen into the arms of the shocked and frightened Mr. Cole.

"What a passionate man you are, to do this mischief!" cries Salway.

Good God!" cries the terror-stricken and penitent Irishman, "what may not a man do in a passion when he knows not what he is doing!" and so saying, he thrusts all the money he has into somebody's hand, bidding him run for a surgeon, and cries out for help to remove the wounded man to "the bagnio."

Poor Hallam moans: "Lord, I believe my eye is put out." In reality his life was put out. He was taken home, and died soon after.* Thus was the heroine of our present brief sketch deprived when ten years old, of a father's love and care.

Hallam, who was at one period manager of the unfortunate theatre in Goodman's Fields—which has quite a romantic and stirring history—had married a relative of the once celebrated vocalist and musician, John Beard, whose wife was the only daughter of the Earl of Waldegrave; a fact which all books of the peerage from that time to this have studiously ignored. Hallam was also related to Rich, the famous harlequin manager, who invented our modern Christmas pantomime.



"TROPHY" FURNITURE.

Miss Hallam was carefully educated, and when she grew up an attractive and accomplished—but not beautiful—girl, she determined to adopt the stage as a profession. She made her first appearance in singing characters with tolerable success, and was the first Louise in the opera of the *Duenna*. Before she discovered in what branch of art her real strength was she essayed tragedy, but with little success. It was when study, practice, and observation induced her to attempt the sprightly low comedy parts of a now old-fashioned school, that her fame became really great. Boaden, speaking of her, says in this line there was never an actress worthy of being called her successor, and says—"She was the paragon representative of the radically vulgar woman, of any or no fashion, of whatever condition or age. The country Malkin too, was taken to "Lunnen" by her, with her stumping gait and idiot goggle, so as to banish from the minds of her spectators the remotest suspicion that she herself could be the refined and sensible lady she was in private life." Her favourite partners on the stage were Quick and Lewis, and, says Boaden, "exquisite merriment proceeded from their union."

Another writer in a volume of the *New Monthly Magazine* for 1826 says: "The delicacy of her person, the vivacity of her temper, and a distinguished judgment, all showed themselves to advantage in this walk, and she rapidly became a universal favourite with the town. This is no slight praise, when we consider that amongst her contemporaries were Mrs. Green (Sheridan's first *Duenna*) and Mrs. Abingdon, and that in the earlier part of her career even Mrs. Clive had not left the stage."

When her fame was at its height, a gentleman who was then playing with her (Mr. Mattocks) won her heart. He was a respectable actor, and a clever vocalist, but the lady's friends

objected to their union so strongly, that to avoid their interference the lovers fled to France, where they were married. It was a love match, but not a happy one, and a separation soon ended their quarrels and disputes. Report spoke of mutual infidelities. Curiously enough, however, some little time after, when Mr. Mattocks was manager of the Liverpool Theatre, Mrs. Mattocks was performing in the same company. The Liverpool season was a disastrous one. Mrs. Mattocks returned to Covent Garden Theatre, and remained there until she finally retired from the stage. She was a great favourite with Queen Charlotte, who gave her many tokens of royal esteem and admiration.

John Bernard, in his "Retrospections," tells the following story of James Wilde, the prompter—a great perpetrator of practical jokes,—and Mrs. Mattocks:—A new comedy, by Lady Wallace, was being read in the greenroom, and the occasion was regarded as a state one, a number of persons of rank and fashion having expressed a desire to attend. Everybody present was accordingly attired in full dress—silks and satins, feathers and jewellery, rustled, gleamed, and flashed in proud display. William Lewis, most gentlemanly of comedians, was the reader, and Bernard, in his stateliest attire, was master of the ceremonies. The refined lady-like Mrs. Mattocks sat by the authoress, amongst the grand dames of society. At the end of the first act, when the footmen in livery were handing round the dainty and costly refreshments, there suddenly appeared amongst them a dirty little pot-boy, recklessly pushing his way through the fashionable throng with a foaming pewter pot, ensuring attention by crying, "A pint of porter for Mrs. Mattocks." Bernard says, "Mrs. M. shrieked better than Belvidera in the mad scene, and the cruel laughter of the company I thought would never have ceased. The young son of the spigot was speedily kicked out, but not before he had communicated the fact that 'Mr. Wilde ordered it.'

Jemmy expiated this offence, however, by a persecution to which the only limit seemed to be that of Mrs. Mattocks's days."

Mrs. Mattocks died on the 25th of June at Kensington, leaving one daughter, the widow of Mr. Hewson, a barrister.

An eye witness says her last appearance on the stage of Drury Lane in 1806, or 7, was "one of the most affecting theatrical leave-takings we ever witnessed. She had played with all the freshness and spirit of a woman in her prime, the part of Flora in the *Wonder*, to G. F. Cooke's *Don Felix*. After the play she, having changed her stage dress for one of plain black silk, was led forward by Cooke—who was attired in black velvet "with weepers," and Garrick's ode to Shakespeare having been previously performed, after several attempts to speak, in a voice broken by emotion, she said:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have had the honour of appearing before you for more than half a century, and cannot bid you farewell without deep feeling, for it is my greatest pride to know that during all those years public approbation has never been withdrawn from me. I am now incapable of fulfilling my duty here, and must bid you adieu. You will find other actresses in the characters in which I have been so long accustomed to perform who will do them greater justice." (Here loud cries of "Never! Never!" arose from all parts of the theatre, and Mrs. Mattock could only add:—) "Ladies and Gentlemen, most respectfully I bid you adieu." As the curtain fell, and she disappeared for ever from the stage, it is said that there was not a dry eye in the house, and the dusky baize curtain abruptly descended amid, loud long, and reiterated plaudits.

A. H. WALL.

* As these facts contradict statements made years afterwards, and generally adopted by modern compilers, I think it necessary to state that they have been obtained from a contemporary account of Macklin's trial at the Old Bailey.—A. H. W.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

All advertisements for "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should arrive not later than Thursday morning, addressed to "The Publisher," 148, Strand, W.C. Scale of Charges on application.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for insertion in "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should be addressed to "The Editor," 148, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

Dramatic and Sporting Correspondents will oblige the Editor by placing the word "Drama" or "Sporting," as the case may be, on the corner of the envelope.

Any irregularities in the delivery of the paper should be immediately made known to the publisher, at 148, Strand.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * We have hitherto answered the larger number of letters containing queries, by post, but these are now becoming so numerous that for the future we shall reply only through the medium of this column.

SPORTING.

G. B. S.—The last report we have met with concerning Smuggler, is the following:—"Smuggler behaved badly in his race with Great Eastern, at Mystic Park, Boston, Monday last, and was distanced in the second heat, after winning the first in 2.23. The weather was windy and the horse seemingly out of condition. He will not trot unless perfectly at himself. His Hartford race was a severe one on him, and a great many good judges are of the opinion that he will not be a fast and safe horse again, until given plenty of rest. He is doing too much work with his heavy shoes this Fall."

JOSEPH CRITCH.—A memoir of Mr. Wyndham will be found in the "Sporting Magazine" of 1858, p. 455. It was written by "Argus."

F. H.—You will find the information in "Davies's Hunters' Annual." The Duke of Grafton hunted "the old Surrey hounds" in 1765.

M. F. H.—The "Bokys of Hawking and Hunting" was by "Dame Juliana Barnes," and was printed at St. Albans in 1486.

PETRARCH.—Lord Dupplin's colours are white, red sleeves, white cap.

"SUBSCRIBER," asks us to name the breeding of Cintra, late the property of H. Chaplin, Esq., M.P., and state in what races she ran and where placed—Cintra, ch f by Ratanaplan out of Traffic. Only ran as a two-year-old, in 1873. Started nine times:—1. Unplaced in a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, Newmarket First Spring. 2. Unplaced in a Two-Year-Old Plate of 50 sovs, at same meeting. 3. Won a 10 sovs Sweepstakes at Second Spring Meeting. 4. Third in First Year of Twenty-second Biennial at Bath. 5. Last in a field of five for the Weston Stakes, same meeting. 6. Unplaced in a Plate of 100 sovs at Newmarket July. 7. Last of five for Cambridgeshire Two-Year-Old Stakes at Huntingdon. 8. Unplaced in Oakley Selling Stakes at same meeting. 9. Unplaced in Selling Stakes at Windsor August.

DRAMATIC.

F. G. B.—(1.) The piece was produced before 1876. (2.) It is the same Mr. Mathews.

NEMESIS.—We have been given to understand that Miss A. Claude has finally retired from the stage.

N. M. H.—You are confusing the first appearance in London with the actor's first appearance in the provinces. To be accurate, we have sent a note across to the gentleman himself, who replies:—"I made my first appearance at about the age of seven, at the Surrey. Years after I left home to fulfil my 'first engagement' at the Theatre Royal, Preston. I forgot what I played. Percy Ardent, in *Irish Heiress*, at the Lyceum, was my first appearance in London, 1860.—HENRY G. NEVILLE."

WILLIE.—Mr. Burnard's burlesque of *IXION* was played at the New Royalty Theatre, in 1862, and revived at the Opera Comique, in 1874.

OVERON.—Garrick revived Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in 1763 at Drury Lane Theatre.

X.—John Pritt Harley died at his residence in Gower-street, on the 22nd of August, 1858. We have not published his portrait, but may do so. Your other questions were answered in a recent number of our paper.

A. FECHT.—Mr. Leicester Buckingham's burlesque of *Belphegor* was produced at the Strand Theatre, in September, 1856.

F. B. M.—Join a good club of amateur actors.

ALFRED JOHNSON.—Mr. Wright made his first appearance in 1832, at Margate, in the character of Marmaduke Magog in the *Wreck Ashore*. He afterwards came to London and succeeded John Reeve at the Adelphi.

VERITAS.—*Richard III.* was played at a small East-end Theatre, the Effingham Saloon, on the occasion you name, when five different actors played the character of Richard, one in each act. If we remember rightly it was in 1860, and for a benefit.

B. LANCASTER.—Mr. G. V. Brooke was not in England in 1855.

W. H.—Miss Julia Daley made her first appearance in this country at Drury Lane Theatre.

C. TAYLOR.—A cheap edition of "The Life of Grimaldi," by the late Charles Dickens, has been published by Routledge.

CRICKET.

H. H.—Consulting *Æsop's "Sporting Reminiscences,"* we find that the original old Hambledon Cricket Club was founded in 1772, and was broken up in 1791, though, according to "Lillywhite's Cricket Scores," Vol. I., p. 114, it was in existence in 1825. The club at one time contained on its list of members, nearly all the best cricketers in the country, including Bonham, Cole, King, Poulter, Hall, Ward, Shakespeare, Gage, Delmé, Buller, Smith, Dampier, Lushington, Higgins, Morris, Worsley, Richards, Forster, old John Small, Lumpy, Brown, Beagley, Carter, and many others, all famous men of their time. The match played by this club in July, 1778, was for a thousand pounds. Another match, played in 1778, was for "eleven pairs of white corded dimity breeches, and eleven handsome striped pink waistcoats."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The *World*.—A correspondent says:—"The mistakes you notice in the *SPORTING AND DRAMATIC*, made by the *World*, are bad enough; but look at page 21, where he says the Kattiwaw horse is a cross between four breeds—the wild ASS of Cutch!!!!—the Persian, the Arab, and the horse of West India.

OGNEZ, Stone, Staffordshire.—The London Stereoscopic Company.

E.—Mr. G. Putland, of Bray Heat, died last month, in the thirty-fifth year of his age.

F. A. COPE, Yokohama.—You will perceive that we have made use of your communication and the photograph. We shall be at any time glad to hear from you. Thanks.

OVID.—Do the Bradford papers describe nothing out of Yorkshire? A notice of *Trial by Jury* appeared with an illustration in our issue of May 1, 1875.

H. P. W.—We should be glad to see you on the subject of your letter. Send the photograph.

F. R. Y.—A letter addressed to the Crichton Club, Adelphi-terrace, Strand, will reach his hand.

ROBERT GLYDE.—Thanks; we have a portrait which will be published early next year.

ANTE.—In the *Morning Herald*, of May 24, 1876, appeared the following advertisement:—"All Lotteries End for Ever with this Drawing Six Prizes of £30,000 all in One Day. The Price of Tickets and Shares will Rise after Next Saturday." Whether this was really the last of the Old Lotteries or not, we cannot say.

VANDYKE BROWN.—The extracts are from "The Abbess and the Duchess," written by Thomas Haynes Bayley, and the missing verses run as follows:—

ABBESS.
Get along you naughty woman
You'll contaminate us all;
When you touch'd the gate, I wonder
That the convent did not fall!
Stop! I think you mentioned money—
That is—penitence I mean;
Let her in—I'm too indulgent;—
Pray, how are the King and Queen?

DUCHESS.
Lady Abbess, you delight me,—
Oh! had Louis been as kind?
But he used me ungenerally
To my fondness deaf and blind.
Oh! methinks that now I view him
With his feathers in his hat!
Hem!—beg pardon—I'm aware, ma'am
That I mustn't speak of that.

ABBESS.
Not by no means, madam, never;
No—you mustn't even think;
(Put your feet upon the fender
And have something warm to drink;
Is it strong enough? Pray stir it.)
What on earth could make you go
From a palace to a convent?
Come, I'm curious to know!

ELL.—The point of the ill-natured and ancient joke you quote is in the fact that the lady is the daughter of a retired publican, who once did "a roaring business" in or near Whitechapel. But she was never "brought up to the bar," on the contrary, she was carefully excluded from it, and educated for the superior position which she has never disgraced; nor was the late Lord Mayor "educated for the bar."

PARENTAGE OF GOGMAGOG.—A correspondent thinks it may interest the readers of our last "By-the-Bye" to learn something of this civic giant. "The *Chronicle of Hyde* gives this account of this giant's birth:—"A king of Frisia had thirty-three daughters who quarrelled with their husbands, and while they were in a deep sleep the ladies cut their husband's throats, and administered to them the draught of death eternal; being banished they came to Britain, and the eldest, Albina, gave it her name, Albion. The Evil One married her, and the child was called Gogmagog." There can be little doubt but that the giant born at the flood was the origin of this fabulous account, which was afterwards worked up into a classical form in the story of the fifty daughters of Danaus.—A. B."

"THE NAILS IN THE HORSE'S SHOES."

We have received the following answers to "A Subscriber's" fine old crusted question:—

SIR.—In answer to "A Subscriber from your First Number," I beg to state that the price of the horse on the terms he mentions would reach the almost incredulous [*sic*] sum of £4,468,804 5s. 4d., so that I should not advise him to adopt that mode of purchase.—HORSESHOE.

SIR.—The answer to the query of the price of a horse, under the heading "Circular Notes," in your issue of the 18th inst., is £4,473,924 5s. 3½d.—JACK O'NEDS.

SIR.—£8,787,231 1s. 3½d. is the price given for the horse.—GRANDMOTHER.

SIR.—The price of the horse for buying him at one farthing for the first nail and double the same would come to £2,236,962 2s. 8d.—E. M. W.

S. E. is willing to sell a horse with eight nails in each shoe, on terms mentioned in last number of the *SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS*—viz.: one farthing for the first nail, doubling for each successive nail, making a total of £4,474,924 5s. 3½d.—NAILS IN THE HORSE'S SHOE.

Since the above more or less independent "solutions" were in type, we have received a number of others, from which we cull the following:—

J. H. T., Brighton, is of opinion that "£4,474,956 os. 8½d. ought to buy the horse."

H. F. W., Harts Hill House, Oaken Gates, states that the amount would be £2,236,962 2s. 8d.

B. Cox, Stratford-on-Avon, gives, as a solution, £1,398,101 6s. 8d.

C. D. H., South Hampstead, unhesitatingly declares that "it would require a sum of £4,474,956 os. 8½d., to purchase the horse."

R. B., Peckham Key: CARDWELL, Old Ford; W. M., Rotherhithe, and MONTE CARLO, severally give £4,473,924 5s. 3½d. as the correct solution.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1876.

WE always regard Messrs. Topham, Frail, and Merry as the weird sisters of Fate who watch around the death bed of racing, and finally close its eyes at the end of the month sacred to fogs and suicides. The Clotho of Liverpool, the Lachesis of Shrewsbury, the Atropos of Warwick spin, weave, and finally sever the last threads of legitimate sport, and bookmakers attend to "lay out" the corpse of the dying season, and to provide it with a decent funeral. For eight months the ball has been rolling unceasingly, and there has been no pause in the long round of sport enabling us to pause for breath, or to take a retrospective glance at the partly accomplished journey. We are hurried on from one centre of racing to another, and not until the

welcome order of release from our labours which makes its appearance at the close of hostilities in November, can we find time to compare notes and draw conclusions from the long-extended chain of past events. The racing armistice may, indeed, be broken by the desultory skirmishes of irregular warfare carried on among the smaller folk, who profess to be unable to brook the inactivity of the silly season, but the racing man and the racer *par excellence* are glad enough to avail themselves of a suspension of hostilities, and suffer not even the Derby to disturb their profound repose, until the new year bids them once more sharpen their pencils and turn over a fresh leaf in the book which records their gains and losses during a campaign now on the point of conclusion. We have no intention of worrying our readers with one of those dismal *rechauffes* entitled "Review of the racing season," which are so convenient in supplying the place of original matter at this time of year, but we may fairly touch upon the salient features of the past, and array for judgment certain leading characters of a drama universally abounding with startling situations and sensational incidents, which can be better appreciated when viewed by the light of subsequent events, than justly estimated at the time of their occurrence.

Altogether, 1876 may be set down as a year of ups and downs, of contradictions and surprises, but happily unmarked by any of those miserable scandals which have left the blackness of their impression upon the records of so many bygone Calendars. It may be said, indeed, that of late years we have been singularly free from those disgraceful episodes which have tended to bring the Turf into such discredit; and though the inevitable black sheep crops up now and again, the fold does not contain so many of these pests of society as in the days when roping, scratching, and milking were rampant, and when the moral tone of those connected with racing was lowered to suit the feverish temper of the plunging era.

Giving precedence to seniority, touching first upon what may be termed the veteran element among our racers, we can report favourably concerning the number and quality of the animals now in training over four years of age, and though one or two may lag superfluous on the stage, we may congratulate ourselves on being able to point to horses now or until quite recently in active work, such as Thorn, Controversy, Thunder, Dalham, Lowlander, Ecossais, and a few others, all big powerful animals, and living refutations to the deterioration theory which seems to crop up every time our French and German neighbours succeed in rebuking our pride by their successes on the Turf. Of genuine high class stayers, from the ranks of which our Cup horses are recruited, we must confess to a doleful dearth at the present time, when such names as those of New Holland and Craig Millar are handed down as winners at Goodwood and Doncaster; but we may take courage from the fact that the stars of Doncaster and Marie Stuart have but lately set, and that there are probably as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. Our four-year-olds, owing to withdrawals and casualties, are not a very "gaudy lot;" but we must occasionally encounter barren years, though it is a pity that Galopin was not allowed the opportunity of measuring swords on equal terms with his superiors and inferiors in age in the Ascot Cup.

The three-year-old form presents a very complicated puzzle, and few could have the boldness to decide with any degree of authority upon which the title of "best of his year" should be conferred. Springfield, whose name was omitted from the big races, is the only one of his year entitled to inscribe "Invictus" upon his shield; but although Mr. Houldsworth's favourite is a magnificent specimen of our degenerate breed, the Senior Wrangler-ship in horseflesh can hardly be conferred upon a mere sprinter, and it is no mark of confidence in his staying abilities that his owner declined for him so many valuable engagements wherein he might have had the opportunity of proving his title to be hailed king of the three-year-olds. Petrarch has shown brilliant flashes of form at times, but the lustre of his successes has been dimmed by occasional displays of bad form and bad temper, and, like the Campbells, he may be put down as "ever fair and false," a character the truth of which his many belated backers will forcibly acknowledge. If not, like the Corsair, of "one virtue and a thousand crimes," Petrarch, unless he succeeds in wiping out his reproach next year, must go down to posterity as an arch-deceiver; but Kisber may fairly move for a new trial, should his trainer bring him forth once more fit and well to do battle for the grey and scarlet. Still, as "The Druid" was wont to say, he "is not one of the horses to swear by," and for looks is a long way behind Petrarch and Springfield. Neither of the Oaks dead-heaters have ripened into Cup mares, for the present at least, and Forerunner, the only "Derby horse" in the strictest sense of the word, which has cast down the gauntlet to all the world in a Cup contest, showed unmistakably that he could only claim to be head of the second-raters. "Seventy-seven" may see the riddle finally solved, but, in the meantime, though its predecessor will be known as "Kisber's year," the crown must be withheld for the present, since it cannot be divided between the sons of Buccaneer and Lord Clifden.

The two-year-old form of 1876, although, as usual, slightly confused previous to the decision of the great races in October, finally settled down into something like reliable shape after the Houghton Meeting, and no animal was ever more justly entitled to his place at the head of the class than Chamant, who won his spurs upon the Heath in the most gallant style. His previous performances gave but scant promise of so glorious a consummation, and like many another real good one, he did not get fairly into his stride until the end of the season. Notwithstanding the prestige of Count Lagrange's colt, a most formidable opposition will be ranged against him, and the great race of the year never gave promise of providing such wide-spread and spirited speculation as on the present occasion. The exclusion of a whole host of celebrities from the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plates imports additional interest into the coming Derby, and if ever fielders were justified in opening early volumes on the race, the coming winter of their discontent is surely an opportunity not to be neglected. There are perhaps

fewer actually dark candidates than usual, but when it is considered how seldom the great unknowns of their year are found to be capable of upsetting the well recorded worth of public form their absence need not be lamented. Though we fully expect to find Blair Athol once more at the head of winning sires, honours will be pretty equally divided among fashionable stallions, both quick and dead, and perhaps Speculum and Lord Lyon are the most prominent among the rising talent. Taking the season in its entirety, peace and prosperity, and a respectable monotony of success may be described as its characteristics, and as compared with past seasons it contrasts not unfavourably in point of good fields, satisfactory attendances, and the absence of bickerings and disputes. If no great advance has been made, neither has the institution of the Turf shown any retrogressive tendency; and so we are content to rest on our oars for a while, waiting to make a fresh start next spring under the new dispensation looming in the distance.

SOME CELEBRITIES OF THE HUNTING FIELD.

ENTHUSIASTIC old gentlemen, who commenced their sporting experiences early in the present century, love to recal the famous whips and huntsmen who made glorious the hunting-fields of their youth. Round the social fire, when the cloth is withdrawn and bottles go merrily about in good old country halls and mansions, we still hear the names of old-world celebrities, whose doings and abilities form the topics of conversation amongst those who, like Lord William Lennox, delight in their sporting reminiscences. To see their time-honoured faces light up in the warmth of laudation or discussion when these topics are approached, is to learn conjuring secrets. The old fires of their youth, by the mere mention of such names, are revived in all their pristine brilliancy and heat, eyes flash, energetic action lends force to words glowing with ardent feeling, and old scenes and actions are realised and described with a vividness of imagination which is almost boyish in its intensity.

What stories have we heard on such occasions of bold Will Goodall's famous career as the Belvoir huntsman, a post he succeeded to in 1842. "Druid," who spent two long December evenings with Will, at Belvoir, to look over his diary and have a little chat about these stories, tells how he went heart and soul into them, and gave what he called "the cream of my hunting fun" with a relish and heartiness of enjoyment unmistakably real, telling how he "screamed over the fallows," or "raced into him and eat him," or enjoyed "a blazing hour," or "blew him up in the open," with an energy and enthusiasm thoroughly characteristic of the man. A cold caught through a fall in the hunting-field brought him to his end, and he died, as "Druid" says, "on the third anniversary of that very May Day on which the Hunt had presented him with its memorable tribute, and the Grantham Inn had rung again with the chorus of 'Bill Goodall is the boy.' They took his horn to his bedside some days before he died, and he showed them exactly how he fell, and, half sitting up, took it with all the animation of health, as if it revived him to lay hold of it again. He had only once risen from his bed during his ten days' illness, and that was to show Lord Henry Bentinck his young Rallywoods of the third generation in the new entry. As if with a sort of melancholy prescience that it was not to be, he often said how he 'should love to see them at two years old,' but they only swelled that strange, mournful requiem for him which arose from the kennel, and fairly thrilled through the mourners, as the hearse moved away. He lies not many paces from Tom Goosey, just within the churchyard gate at Knipton, and under the shade of that bold chain of woodlands in which his cheery voice had been heard, early and late, for seventeen seasons. By all, from 'my kind Lord Duke,' as he called him, when his grace bent over him to bid him farewell, down to the humblest labourer, for whom he had always some pleasant greeting or other, his memory will ever be cherished. Amongst his brother-huntsmen, he had long lived down all jealousy, and they freely accorded to him that high position which he had so fairly won both in the field and the kennel, and which he so unassumingly maintained. Those who knew more of his inner life, or saw him on his death-bed, could trace to its true source that consistently gentle firmness which made him all-powerful in managing a cloud of horse-men, and it would be well if many who love sport as dearly as he did, would ponder, now that he is gone, over the great and striking lesson which his life taught, and which his fame sealed."

Another of the sporting heroes whose daring and skilful exploits "Druid" has spoken of so well, was hearty old Dick Christian of the Quorn. Dick has told his own story; how he was born at Cottesmore "when Sir Horace Mann kept his harners there." How he cared not for school but was "all for horses" and always deserted his lessons in "the three R's" for the sake of lessons from Stevenson, the head groom at Sir Horace Mann's riding-school. "He was the beginning of me, was Stevenson. He was a nice man" old Dick would say, as he sat in his sturdy five foot six of height, and by his comfortable fireside, told how horses were managed and fields were won in the heyday of his life, when "his muscular breadth of chest and vigour of arm enabled him to lift a horse's fore-quarters as high, if not higher, over a fence, than any man who ever rode to hounds." When he was seven years old little Dick used to be seen on his bare-backed pony "jumping everything right and left, just like other people," a fact which, when the old man of our sketch on another page, he would dwell upon chucklingly, with "My word! I could set a good many of them even then." A year and a half before he left Cottesmore when there was a holiday making—but we'll let Dick tell his own tale:—

"I'll tell you a story about a bull—a regular good-'un. Ecod how it makes me laugh!—I wish I was twenty years younger. There was a holiday-making and this ere bull was in a field. Some one said 'You daren't ride him, Dick'—so up I gets—off he goes, right away to Cottesmore and all the fair after me! You know the brook there? Well, he was so beat that he downs his head when he gets to it, and slethers me right off. Flat on my back I comes—on him again, and, blarney me, if I didn't ride him while he was so blown he could run no longer! It's truth every word."

Dick was not thirteen years old when he joined the staff at Sir Horace Mann's racing stables at Barham Downs, in Kent, where he soon after rode his first race. At Burleigh Park he rode twenty races in one week. "What a week it was to be sure," said he, "cricketing, horse-racing, pony-racing, hacks, catch weights, all sorts of fun. . . . What a deal they made of me! They carried me into a tent, and gave me three glasses of wine and a fine mounted whip. They had a deal more fun than that with me. When I had beat Lord Milsington, the late Lord Winchelsea made a match with Captain Bligh, for me to ride a donkey and he to run a-foot half a mile. Such fun you never saw in your life! But my word I beat him at last, and they gave me my first gold guinea. My lady quite laughed. 'That little thing for a riding groom,' she said, 'he can't sit on a horse.' 'Try him, my lady,' said Stevenson (you see he always spoke up for me), 'give him one saddle and one to lead.' Up I gets with

the two, and off across the park, and galloped them till Sir Gilbert hollas me to stop. Didn't I take it out of them! 'He'll do,' they said, 'he can hold anything.' So they gave me six guineas a year and all my clothes—lots of them, and half-a-guinea board wages when the family was out. I always rode out with my lady in a blue coat and striped waistcoat. The first race Sir Gilbert ever had a horse in I rode, at Lincoln; and I won it too." Thus was little Dick Christian fairly started in the course he was destined to honour. We should like to trace his progress upwards, but space is wanting. It were long to tell of the famous horses he trained or rode, of the daring leaps he made, the steeplechases he won, and all the other many exploits which are still fireside stories in and about the locality they belong to. Here is an old newspaper extract relating to one of them:—

DANGEROUS HUNTING EXPLOIT.—The following extraordinary feat was last week inadvertently performed by the celebrated rider and tough veteran, Dick Christian, of Melton Mowbray. He was mounted on Mr. Cooke's chestnut mare Marigold, and out with the Quorn hounds, near Holwell Mouth, when he charged a thick cut hedge, four feet six inches high, which he cleared in good style, the mare alighting on a bank a yard wide, with all her four feet together. Immediately below this bank is a steep declivity into an old quarry or stone-pit, called Sot's hole, about twelve yards deep; the failure of the bank where friend Dick had thus suddenly deposited his whole capital must have proved fatal; but, luckily, it stood firm, and the generous animal on which he rode bounded boldly forward, reaching the bottom in three springs, much to the amazement of the old stager and several others who witnessed the performance. Dick found himself well fixed on his saddle when the gallant mare reached *terra firma*, and both steed and rider were perfectly unscathed.

This "true old English fox-hunter," as Pierce Egan calls him in his "Book of Sports," published in 1829, when Dick was 60 years of age, used to speak of this tremendous feat thus:—"You see Mr. Coke, what howdacious men to ride he and Sir James Musgrave were to be sure! He told me I must always be with the hounds; so this Marigold I sent her at a hedge. When I was in the air I sees my danger. Frightened? God bless you! I never was frightened in my life. So I pulls her right back just as she touched the bank, and shot her hind legs right under her; we made three landings of it: it was as steep as a house side, but you've read all about it." "Talk of tumbles!" said Dick, on another occasion, "I had eleven in one day down there, when I was above seventy. I'll never see seventy-eight again, but I can take a good allowance of them still. . . . I've had lots of accidents. I've had my shoulder out, this here leg broke, and two of my ribs; I never broke my collar-bone, I'm so precious thick set there, they can't get at it. Horses, bless you! I've known 'em get out of a ditch, and put their fore feet on each of my shoulders. . . . I must be as hard as nails!"

If you wish to know more of Dick, you have but to consult such well-known books as the "Post and the Paddock," or "Silk and Scarlet," by "The Druid."

Tom Seabright was another of our celebrities of the hunting-field, who succeeded John Clark in 1821, and both in field and kennel was famous, of whom many a Milton tradition yet deals. His name sends us back to the days of Squire Osbaldeston, who, in 1809, carried his horn as Master in the Burton country, of whom "Nimrod" says "he never made but one fatal mistake, and that was in not keeping Seabright as his huntsman." It was said on all hands that with "the Squire" to breed the hounds, and Tom to hunt them, perfection was attained.

Tom Rance was second horseman to Mr. Gurney in Norfolk, and in 1859 was on the threshold of his thirtieth season as whip. There is a quaint old remnant of a song still known in Lancashire and Cheshire, which runs:—

Tom Rance has got a single oie, wurth many another's two;
He held his cap abov' his yed, to show he had a view.
Tom's voice was loik th' owd raven's when he skrooked out "Tally ho!"
For when the fox had seen Tom's feace, he thought it toim to go-o-o.

Tom's portrait is in profile, and he gave his best side to the photographer, from whose production our sketch has been obtained.

Robert Bartlett, huntsman to the North Staffordshire Hounds, also has a place amongst our old but unforgotten celebrities of the field. Joe Maiden figures in several of "Druid's" hunting sketches, as well as in some of "Nimrod's," and in other pages of old-world sporting records. "Druid," in one of his famous papers, says, "Having once seen Joe Maiden judge hounds, with his hands folded across his breast, we shall cease to have any faith in the saying, 'that no man was ever so wise as Chancellor Thurlow looked.' Even if Joe heard the voice of a relative behind him, whom he had not seen for five years, it is even betting that he would not deign to turn round till his kennel mind was quite made up."

The last of our sketches of hunting celebrities belongs to the old days when King George III. was a master of hounds. "Nimrod" tells some stories of famous runs with His Majesty's stag-hounds, when Charles Davis was huntsman, of whom Lord William Lennox, in his "Merrie England" (published in 1857), speaks so highly, as he does also of the first whipper-in, Mr. Robert Bartlett, whose portrait completes the list of those figuring on another page as "Celebrities of the Hunting Field."

R. A. SEYMOUR.

SALE OF MR. CHENNEL'S HORSES.

FORTY horses, the property of Mr. Chennell, of the White Hart Hotel, Newmarket, making up a stud of valuable hunters, harness horses, and hacks, were sold on Friday, by Mr. Rymill, at the Repository, Barbican. They made good prices, as will be seen by the subjoined return, the average being returned as £64 17s.

Grimsby, b m	(Mr. Emmett)	29
Sunderland, b m, 5 yrs	(Mr. Bridge)	37
Entre Nous, gr m	(Mr. Bridge)	20
Alice, ch m, 6 yrs	(Mr. Day)	30
Lute, b m, 6 yrs	(Mr. Bridge)	38
Blackbird, b g, 7 yrs	(Mr. Grills)	48
Alcohol, bk m	(Capt. Fuller)	42
Jack o' Lantern, b g, 5 yrs	(Mr. Graham)	41
Noir, bk g, 5 yrs	(Mr. Lloyd)	55
Bladen, bk g, 5 yrs	(Col. Browne)	50
Toggerby, b m, 7 yrs	(Capt. Harris)	35
Urbane, b m, 5 yrs	(Mr. Oxlade)	60
Moulsey, gr g, 6 yrs	(Mr. Lloyd)	70
Scarborough, gr g, 6 yrs	(Mr. Jones)	64
Clematis, b m, 7 yrs	(Mr. Smith)	40
Goole, b m, 6 yrs	(Mr. Jones)	45
Le Roi, gr g, 6 yrs	(Mr. Patmore)	58
Cœur de Lion, gr g, 6 yrs	(Mr. Carter)	85
Spinster, b m, 6 yrs	(Captain Bennet)	55
Chignon, b m, 6 yrs	(Mr. Roberts)	62
Zingari, b m, 5 yrs	(Mr. Roberts)	53
Skipper, b g, 5 yrs	(Captain Sydney)	54
Opopanax, b m, 5 yrs	(Major Williams)	60
Daphne, b m, 6 yrs	(Mr. Bell)	70
Taurina, ro m, 6 yrs	(Captain Varley)	85
Corsair, ch g, 5 yrs	(Colonel Brown)	77
Cashmere, gr m, 5 yrs	(Mr. Herbert)	60
Plutus, b g, 6 yrs	(Mr. Sharpe)	50
Snowball, gr g	(Captain Thomas)	38
Cockie Bobus, b g	(Mr. West)	25
Leo, bk g, 5 yrs	(Mr. Mainprize)	70
Oh My, br m, 5 yrs	(Mr. Tyrrell)	58
Sang Froid, br m, 5 yrs	(Mr. Patmore)	62
Ermine, br m, 7 yrs	(Mr. Soames)	87
Bell's Life, br g, 7 yrs	(Duke of Beaufort)	120
May, b m, 7 yrs	(Major Whitlock)	72
Ion, ro g, 6 yrs	(Mr. Tyson)	76
Ino, br m, 5 yrs	(Mr. Bayes)	70
Exning, br g, 9 yrs	(Mr. Boughton)	50
Pax, gr g, 5 yrs	(Mr. Boughton)	70

PIGEON SHOOTING.

THE MIDDLESEX GUN CLUB, HENDON.

ON Saturday, in the face of wretchedly miserable weather, there was present a fair muster of the Middlesex Gun Club. The sport began with a £1 Handicap Sweepstakes, at three birds each, and this, after tying with Mr. Grey and Mr. Forster, was placed to the credit of Mr. Mass, who killed five. Mr. Allerton landed the second and third, when Mr. Mass was again the victor in the fourth. Following this came the main feature of the day,—viz., a Handicap Sweepstakes of £2 each, at six birds, with a cup added by the club. At the termination of the fifth round Mr. Mass was the only one who had killed all; in the sixth tour he once more dropped his bird, thus winning the cup and £18. Mr. Allerton shot well up and scored five out of six, and Mr. Vaughan and Mr. Foster each felled four out of five. Handicap sweepstakes of 1 sov each were then renewed, and in the first Mr. Herbert Hobson won at the fifth round. A smart struggle occurred in the next between Mr. Grey, Mr. F. G. Hobson, and Mr. Ackland, all of whom scored three each; and in shooting off, although Mr. Ackland had twice in the early part to kill to win, it was not until the fifth round that he succeeded in doing so. The last sweep was won by Mr. F. G. Hobson, who knocked over three out of four.

THE WELSH HARP, HENDON.

Although rain fell heavily until two o'clock on Monday, the weather then cleared up, and a capital afternoon's sport took place in the large shooting ground adjoining Mr. Warner's Hotel. The chief event was a sweepstakes of £1 each for a silver cup, valued at £10. There were ten competitors, and Mr. Jackson, who alone killed all five, was the winner. Several other sweepstakes were decided.

THE INTERNATIONAL GUN AND POLO CLUB.

Although the weather on Monday was anything but favourable, there was a tolerably good muster at the club ground, Preston, near Brighton. Several handicap sweepstakes were brought to issue, and during the early part of the afternoon Mr. A. Rush distinguished himself by winning and dividing no fewer than seven sweeps in succession, the other winners being Mr. J. Beard, Mr. Fuller, Mr. G. Rush, and Mr. G. Beard. S. Hammond supplied the birds.

The grand fancy dress ball at the Royal Pavilion on Thursday next promises to be a great success, as the applications for vouchers have been unusually numerous, so that members requiring a further allotment are requested to give as early notice to the secretary as possible.

THE GUN CLUB, SHEPHERD'S BUSH.

In consequence of the unfavourable weather on Saturday afternoon not more than a dozen members put in an appearance, and only seven contested for a silver cup, value £15, presented by the club, the conditions being to shoot at six birds each, three at 26 yards, and three at 29 yards. Mr. Howard S. Jaffray was the only one that killed all his pigeons at both distances; therefore he won the cup and £21, the amount of the optional sweepstakes. The other competitors were Mr. Booth, who brought down five out of six. Mr. Carrington, Mr. C. H. Akroyd, and Captain Aubrey Patton, four each out of five; Mr. Sidney, three out of five; and Mr. Seaton, who missed his first two birds at 26 yards, and thus had his chance extinguished. This makes the sixth cup won by Mr. Jaffray (who is an American gentleman) this year. Several Optional Sweepstakes, at three birds each, followed, the first of which with seven entries being won by Mr. C. H. Akroyd, who was the only shooter that grassed his three pigeons. For the second optional a similar number contended, Captain Aubrey Patton winning £29 by killing three, whilst the third "sweep" produced some capital shooting between Mr. Carrington and Mr. Howard S. Jaffray, the latter securing the "pool" £11, by killing seven out of nine. The fourth and last optional, worth £10, was won by Mr. Carrington, who brought down six, beating Mr. C. H. Akroyd in the ties.

THE CHERTSEY BRIDGE GUN CLUB.

On Saturday there was a very large meeting of the members of this club to witness a couple of events that had created a deal of local interest. The first was a match wherein Mr. Jackson had backed himself to kill thirty pigeons out of fifty at 29 yards rise, and shooting in fine form he accomplished his object by bringing down thirty-one. Mr. Young had also set himself a similar task, with the exception that he had agreed to stand at 30 yards rise. The blue rocks trapped by Hammond, however, proved too much for him, and he retired at the twenty-fifth round having only scored fourteen. In the course of the afternoon a silver cup was shot for, besides several sweepstakes, and Mr. Jenkins, who killed all his seven birds, won the cup rather easily.

THE FOX AND GOOSE, APPLETON, MIDDLESEX.

A large company was present at this ground on Monday, and a first-rate programme was ably carried out. Eleven sweepstakes at three pigeons each, 25 yards rise, were decided, the winners being Messrs. Baker, Beck, Smith, Gaskell, and Howlett. Mrs. Offer supplied the birds.

NORWICH.

The first day's competition took place on Tuesday, when the County Stakes, which brought forth only 10 competitors, were won by Captain Aubrey Patton, who killed five birds with one of Stephen Grant's central fires, and thus won £20; Mr. Howard S. Jaffray was second, and Mr. A. Rush third. The Norfolk Stakes produced nine shooters, and Mr. Jaffray won £18 with a Purdey central fire; Mr. Edkins being second. For the Local Stakes four sportsmen competed, when the £9 was shared by Messrs. Roberts and Frederick. Mr. Kerridge carried of the Optional Stakes, worth £15; and a Match for £25 between Captain Aubrey Patton and Mr. H. Danbury resulted in favour of the last-named gentleman.

MR. HOWARD PAUL has been tendered a complimentary benefit at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on Saturday, December 2, which will be under the patronage of the mayor, Abel Heywood, Esq., the ex-mayor, Matthew Curtis, Esq., and a committee of leading citizens. A special and brilliant programme of songs and singers, impersonators and impersonations, will be given on the evening in question, and from the exertions that are being made, no doubt a bumper house will be the result.

THE Great Northern Railway Company have given notice that the trains on the high level line to the Alexandra Palace have ceased running, but that the ordinary trains will stop at the Woodgreen entrance as usual. Sir Edward Lee, the late general manager, and Mr. Spackman, the late superintendent of the Art Department, have publicly announced that they are no longer officially connected with the company. Mr. Wykeham Archer, late chief officer of the Palace fire brigade, also gives notice that the volunteer fire brigade recently under his command has been disbanded.

LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE.—HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES, AND USE NO OTHER; this alone is the true antidote in Fevers, Eruptive Affections, Sea or Bilious Sickness, having peculiar and exclusive merits. For the protection of the public against fraudulent imitations, I have applied for and again obtained a perpetual injunction, with costs, against a defendant. Observe the GENUINE has my NAME and TRADE MARK on a BUFF-COLOURED WRAPPER.—113, Holborn-hill, London.—[ADVT.]

A GLANCE AT THE PAPERS.



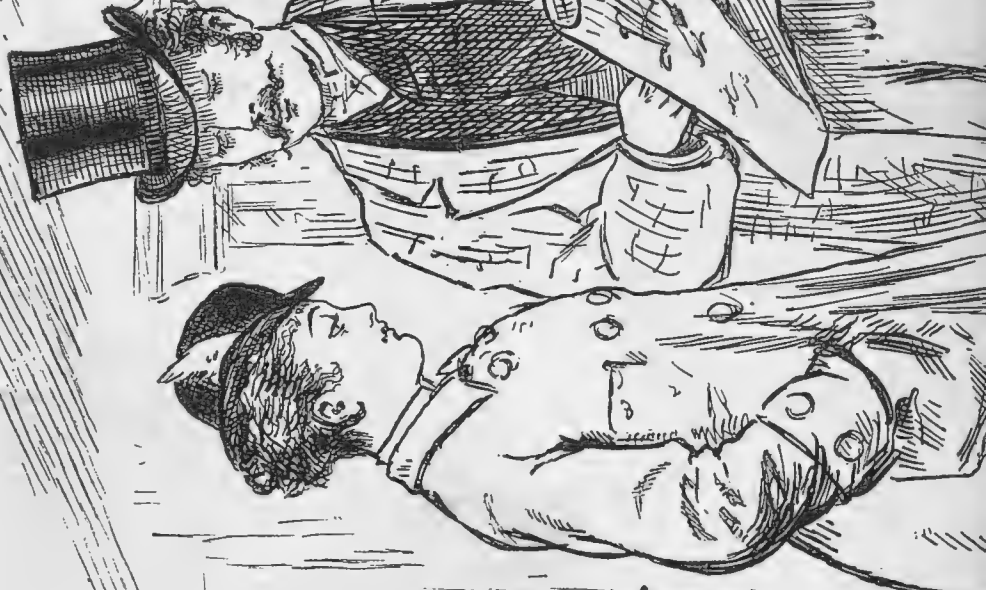
Funny
Folks.



The
Queen



The
Weekly Budget



Johns Life



The family yard



The Saturday

The Sporting and Dramatic News



The Times



Dover Wilson

The Railway Servants' Gazette



the Athenaeum

The World



OUI DIRE.

WHILE strolling down Piccadilly, the gossiping contributor of a sporting contemporary looked in at what was once a stable-yard, but is now a club "to promote the association of gentlemen interested in Hunting, Coaching, Polo, &c.," and describing what he saw on that occasion, writes as follows:—"Everything is open and pleasant. There are chairs against the walls of the covered yard, evergreens in pots at the windows, a small smoking snuggerly, with a fire burning brightly in the grate, and a pervading smell of stables. 'Well, doctor,' I ask as the kindly proprietor comes forward to greet me, 'anything new in the coaching world?' 'Nothing, my boy; not a thing. Have you seen my new billiard-room?' says the doctor. Then we mount almost inaccessible stairs and see the new billiard-room, and all the other improvements of the Badminton Club, as jolly and pleasant a little place as a man could wish to lounge away a morning in. Some right good names are on the committee, too, including a live duke and a flourishing earl. But really what have I got by my visit to the Badminton? Nothing, positively nothing. I already knew that there was not a single coach left upon the road; even the St. Albans, which ran all last winter, is safely housed, and Piccadilly no longer echoes to the ringing of the sixteen horse shoes."

A NEW YORK paper, devoted entirely to the drama, supplies us with the following choice morsels of journalistic etiquette in America:—"MONTAGUE.—H. J. has bought a new blue suit. He walks down Broadway every morning, dandling a cane gracefully, and, in his general make up, looks too sweet for anything." That's No. 1. Here's No. 2:—"A snipe named — recently stated in Philadelphia that the editor of the — had been confined for some two or three days in Ludlow-street gaol in the libel suit of — As Mr. —'s character was pretty definitely settled several years ago, when he was caught in the box-office of the — Theatre after the disappearance of a number of tickets, it is almost unnecessary to nail his lie in this instance. But he'd better keep quiet."

"A VETERAN," writing on Hunt Servants in the *Sporting Gazette*, to show how easy it is to take away the character of a hunt servant, tells the following short story:—"A new whip had succeeded a favourite with the field in one of the Midland packs. 'Did you ever see such a stupid fellow?' cried one. 'I actually told him yesterday what to do,' said a second, 'and he only touched his hat and said thank you, sir.' 'Just exactly what the fool did to me,' added another. These gentlemen quite forget that this lad is working under a Master who will not allow his servants to be interfered with, and they receive orders before going into a covert what they are to do. Now, I tell you what took place one day this season. and I think you will say that the young man has that in him which will some day show him to be anything but a fool. He was placed at the end of a very large covert with strict orders not to move unless he heard 'Gone away' from the huntsman. He waited for over twenty minutes and never heard a sound. He turned to me and said, 'I fancy they are gone away, sir, as I cannot hear anything.' We rode to the edge of the wood and met some men, who said, 'Oh, the hounds are miles off!' He appeared to doubt them, but presently out came 2½ couple of hounds and took up a line. 'It is quite true, sir,' he added, and we are forgotten.' I regret to say that they had too much of the famous Belvoir blood in them, and ran quite silent, so that when they got into the next wood they did not help us. The young man galloped on at a steady pace, very much to the right of the direction the men said they had seen the hounds running, and we went on, I should say, for 20 minutes without any hesitation on his part until we got to another wood, with four large ridings in it. He listened for a minute, then said, 'We shall be in time yet,' and galloped as hard as he could to the end of the wood, and turning to me said, 'Look out, sir, and you will see the fox.' After about three minutes a very tired-looking one appeared, and he gave a loud 'view hallo!' In a few minutes some of the hounds appeared, and we could then hear the body coming up in full cry. He cheered them on, and killed his fox. Now this reputed fool had only once been in those woods before, and this shows how easy it is for thoughtless, ignorant people to ruin a hunt servant's reputation."

AN instance of remarkable intelligence in a dog has been given by a gentleman who resides in New York City, in whose family there is owned a black-and-tan terrier dog. It happens that the household consists of father, mother, and three daughters, the dog being a pet of the ladies, but always heretofore an object of dislike to the one solitary gentleman, which dislike, it is hardly necessary to state, was mutual. To such a degree had the animosity been carried that the gentleman would have destroyed the animal long since, had he not been deterred by fear of feminine reprisal, while the dog never failed to show his teeth and growl whenever his masculine antipathy presented himself. A few evenings since the family were at dinner in the basement, the dog apparently asleep on a chair. Suddenly he roused himself, assumed an attitude of listening; jumping down, he ran towards the door, snuffing at the bottom of it, and then standing upright and placing his paw on the knob, he turned his head with an expressive look which said plainer than words, "please open this quickly." One of the ladies opened the door, when the animal ran to the foot of the stairs, sniffed suspiciously, looked up the stairway, looked round again, paused, seemed to consider, then darting by the lady, ran to the gentleman of the house, put his paw on that person's knee, and glanced from his face towards the stairs with a sharp, anxious bend of the head, as much as to say, "You are a man, follow me." The gentleman took the hint, and the dog rushed off up the stairs, barking vociferously. Instantly, a dash of heavy footsteps, though with a muffled sound, was heard on the stairs above, leading from the parlour floor to the second story, as if someone was descending in haste, then a hurried fumbling with the chain bolt, and just as the master appeared at the head of the basement staircase, he saw a man emerge through the front doorway, with the black and tan clinging to the calf of his leg. A yelp told immediately afterward that the dog had been hurt, the thief striking him a heavy blow to make him loose his hold. Fortunately the canine was not seriously injured, but his display of equal-to-human intelligence had won him the everlasting regard of the gentleman who was formerly so inimical. It was ascertained that the thief knowing the family to be at dinner in the basement, had entered the lower door by means of a false pass key, hoping to slip upstairs undetected. The keen senses of the dog discovered the intruder, and an equally shrewd observation told him that a man was needed. We quote this story from our American contemporary, *Turf, Field, and Farm*.

THE gipsies are as little in favour now as they ever were. Different families of the race still wander throughout England, and they are as distinct in appearance, visage, and customs as if they had never mixed with other nations. In the neighbourhood of London, Norwood has been the favourite camping-place of the wanderers. They had a strong settlement there last century, but, in 1797 it was forcibly broken up. The locality, however, has been infested with them more or less ever since, and now they have taken a step never expected from such an outcast race. They have bought the freehold of a field in Lordship-lane,

Dulwich, and at least a hundred and fifty of the tribe have already encamped there for the winter. We deeply sympathise with the inhabitants of the district.

OUR oft quoted friend "Atlas," of the *WORLD*, gives an extract from one of his foreign contributors' letters from Milan, in which the writer says:—"I have just seen a letter written by Captain Boyton and flung on to a bridge in passing. I suppose it is known in England that the adventurous American has started from Turin on a voyage down the Po, which he intends to descend as far as the Adriatic. This river is called by Italians the father of all Italian rivers; and a wicked and dangerous old 'father' it is, for it is always overflowing its banks, breaking its bridges, or doing some mischief—for it is very deep and rapid—so that the undertaking of Captain Boyton is anything but safe and agreeable. He writes:—"On the Po, Nov. 5, near Valenza, 28 hours out. 'DEAR FRIEND,—This is the worst river I ever struck paddle into. I have run on rocks a hundred times since I left Turin. This morning, above Casale, during a heavy fog, I fell over a dam, and I wonder I am alive to tell you so. A few hours since I ran into a mill, and then under it. There is always a heavy fog on this river during the night, so that it is most dangerous to run. I am making slow time—am strong and hearty.—BOYTON.'" It appears that Boyton, after remaining in the water with his wonted pluck upwards of 80 hours, felt constrained to discontinue his extraordinary task. There are some things which "Atlas" wishes someone would tell him; and amongst them is—What the Sheriffs of London do with their gorgeous carriages and liveries when their year of office is at an end? For instance, the present Sheriffs are Mr. Hadley, the well-known corn merchant and owner of flour mills in Thames-street, and Mr. East, landlord of the Queen's Arms in St. Martin's-Le-Grand. Twelve months hence their work will be over. Mr. Hadley can hardly drive to and from business in the magnificent coach he sat in the other day; nor can he very well clothe his clerks or messengers in livery coats that cost £150 each. Nor can Mr. East—who, by the way, was one of the great supporters of the "unfortunate nobleman" now in penal servitude—utilise his carriage in driving about the City, or let the waiters of the Queen's Arms wear those gold lace-covered coats in which his footmen were clad in the procession on Lord Mayor's day. Who knows? Perhaps carriage, harness, and liveries will be put by and kept till Sir Roger shall come forth in triumph from prison. The subject is a puzzle, and one which I should like much to see cleared up.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing to a contemporary with reference to Captain Percy Williams, M.F.H., says:—"His godmother was a Royal princess. In his boyhood he travelled on the Continent with his mother and brother, afterwards Colonel Williams, 2nd Life Guards, and was received at the German courts, particularly at that of Saxony, where he shared in the sport of hunting boars and shooting foxes! He was educated at Sandhurst, and through life his manners presented the best features of the courtier, the soldier, the sportsman, and the country gentleman. I was introduced to him nearly thirty years ago by the late Earl of Yarborough, and first visited him at the kennel cottage at Rufford on my returning from a week's hunting at Brocklesby Park. He was as remarkable for his management of his hounds at home as in the field. No man ever had a high-couraged pack more docile. Whether he was addressing servants, labourers, farmers, or strangers in the hunting-field, his tone was at the same time genial and high-bred. Full of courage, never wanting in decision, as a horseman and master of hounds he was always kind. His old stud groom sobbed out with perfect truth at his funeral, 'No one could help loving him.' No man ever had his hounds and field under better discipline, yet he never used coarse language himself, or permitted his servants to show their zeal by cursing. Mr. S. Sidney, speaking of 'The Book of the Horse,' in *The Sporting Gazette*, says the late Captain Williams forwarded the following notes on gentlemen jockeys for a chapter, which was eventually omitted from his book for want of space:—"A gentleman jockey must not only have taste or race riding, but be of the right shape. Large calves and coarse limbs can never fine down to jockey weight, so only those should attempt the sport who have a natural frame as well as natural taste for it. Gentlemen who wish to succeed must be prepared to live a life of privation! Two or three dinners a day, called, if you please, champagne luncheons, five o'clock teas, and the regular seven o'clock series from soup to dessert, with cigars, B. and S.'s until the small hours in the morning, won't do at all. The old proverb 'Early to bed and early to rise' must be carried out strictly. The early rising for the purpose of walking yourself down to your riding weight and into condition, is often a most exhausting process. Captain White, against whom I often rode, was fond of telling how once, when wasting early in the morning at Eaton Park, he felt so exhausted that he thought he must sit down, when, luckily, he came across a tramping Highlander playing the bagpipes, which so cheered him that he offered him a crown to play in front of him all the way home. To his horror, as he entered the gates of the park he came into the midst of a party of ladies and gentlemen, visitors at the Hall. They chaffed him tremendously on his elegant costume and musician, but he had only strength to reply—'The early bird catches the worm.' I have frequently heard him speak of the difficulty he had to keep himself down to his riding weight at the splendid Goodwood meetings, where he was always invited to the house. There, day after day, at breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, every luxury was spread before him, yet he had to confine himself to 'a mouthful of chicken and a glass of sherry,' and not unfrequently to 'a cup of tea for breakfast and a peach for dinner!' The first race Percy Williams ever rode was for Lord Clanricarde at a small Irish meeting at Loughrea, when his horse, Post Horn, in finishing the race broke a blood-vessel, and fell, but his rider was not much hurt. The last he rode was at Croxton, in 1845. He always considered Alice Hawthorn the best he ever steered. When I rode and won a race for Lord Rosslyn at Cupar, a farmer who rode in the same race complained of being run out of the turns by me. To prove his case before the stewards he stated that I had spurred his horse in the shoulder. 'That won't do,' was my answer, 'for I had no spurs on.' The bad-tempered horse I rode would not stand spurs, and the objection was settled against the farmer with roars of laughter. The first races for gentlemen jockeys only was established at Croxton Park with the Billesdon, Granby, Cup, &c., after a gentleman jockey who rode in the Tally-ho Stakes at Northampton (query, what year) had been so shuttlecocked about in the race that he was obliged to lodge a complaint, Captain White being one of the witnesses. The palmy days of gentlemen jockeys were from 1826 to 1841, when Bibury, Eaton Park, Goodwood, and Eglinton were in their 'gentlemanly glory' with such good horses as St. Lawrence, The Cure, Wolfdog, Giantess, Red Deer, Sagacity, and Alice Hawthorn, and such men as Sir Tatton Sykes, General Bouverie, General Gilbert Osbaldeston, Captain White, John Bailey, Captain Pettat, and several others. Before you can hope for any degree of success in establishing a pack of hounds, you must study other people's kennels as well as your own, and you must be prepared to meet with terrible disappointments. If you send fifty couple to quarters every year and get back twenty fit for work, you may consider yourself as very lucky. Some years you will lose two-thirds from distemper and accidents. As to horses, my practice was to buy a good-looking, bloodlike four year old,

whenever I met one, whether I wanted it or not, if the price was anything like reasonable; and I always drafted them at twelve years old, if they happened to last so long. It was by Captain Percy Williams's advice that at the first Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall (in 1864), we adopted the plan of having gentlemen instead of professional judges, a plan that we have adhered to ever since, and which has been very generally followed by other shows. It was by his influence, and that of Mr. Frederick Winn Knight, M.P., of Exmoor, that, in addition to their own, we were enabled to obtain on that occasion the services of such men as the Earl of Portsmouth, the late Captain John White, the present Lord Combermere, Mr. William Williamson, Captain John Bastard, and General Williams. From that year to the close of his life he took a great interest in the Islington Horse Show, which owed so much of its early prestige to his advice and assistance."

CHESS.

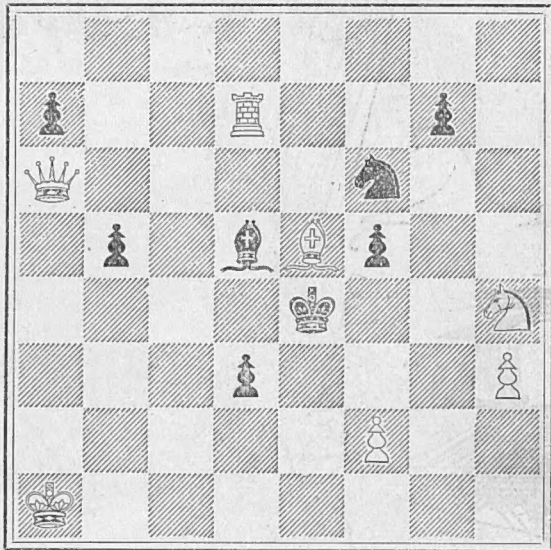
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS RECEIVED from J. Byng (121 and 122), R. W. S., a Little Boy, Vicar Tallington, A. J. B. Those by T. Labalmondieu, F. Knight, Magdalenis, and W. Shelley are wrong. S. W. Brooks.—The solutions are given regularly. See below. J. BYNG.—The problem is correct as it stands, but it is much too simple for our columns. E. L. S.—If the games have any features, we shall be happy to insert them. Will you favour us with one or two specimens? T. H. KNIGHT.—Accept our best thanks for the Knight's Tour.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 121.
WHITE.
1. Q to Kt sq
2. Mates accordingly.
BLACK.
Anything

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 122.
WHITE.
1. B to Q Kt 5
2. Kt mates.
BLACK.
Anything

PROBLEM NO. 123.
BY MR. D. W. CLARK, OF SIBERIA.
BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

THE COUNTIES' CHESS ASSOCIATION.

A GAME in the first-class Tournament of the Counties' Chess Association between Mr. Burn and the Rev. C. E. Ranken.

[GIUCCO PIANO?]

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	14. Q R to Q sq	Kt to K 5
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	15. B to Q B sq	Q to Q B 4
3. B to Q B 4	P to K B 4 (a)	16. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt
4. P to Q 4	P takes Q P (b)	17. Q to R 5 (ch)	K to Q sq
5. P to K 5	P to Q 4	18. B to K 3	B to K B 3
6. P takes P (en pass) Q takes P	Q takes P	19. P to Q B 3	K R to K sq
7. Castles	P to K R 3	20. B takes Kt	B takes B
8. Kt to Q R 3	P to Q R 3	21. R takes B	Q to K B sq (x)
9. R to K sq	B to K 2	22. K R to Q sq	Kt to Q 3
10. Q to K 2	Kt to K B 3	23. B to Q 5	R to K 2
11. Kt to K R 4 (c)	Kt to K Kt 5	24. Kt to B 4	Kt takes Kt
12. Kt to K B 3	B to Q 2	25. B takes Kt	K to B sq (e)
13. B to Q 2	Kt to K B 3	26. R takes B	Resigns

- (a) Very risky in a match game.
(b) He might have resolved in the opening into a form of the Philidor Defence by 4. P to Q 3.
(c) A lost move.
(d) Necessary, as White threatened to win a piece for nothing.
(e) A palpable oversight, which loses a piece and the game.

SALE OF BLOOD STOCK AT TATTERSALL'S.

An important sale of horses, well known on the Turf, took place at Tattersall's on Monday. The first lot put up was Mr. J. Johnstone's annual draft from Tupgill, only two of which changed hands, viz., Charles Edward and King's Lynn, there being no bid whatever for Tam o' Shanter, Perkin Warbeck, Escort, and Coquetdale. The scarcity of buyers was shown when Mr. G. E. Paget's select string appeared, Chieftain going a great bargain to Colonel Byrne for 220 guineas. Roehampton was bought by a new employer of Joseph Dawson's. The horses belonging to the confederacy which heretofore existed between two noble lords and Mr. Herbert Bird were next submitted to competition, and there was great diversity of opinion respecting the sum Lowlander would fetch. Captain Gilbert Stirling sold him prior to his four-year-old triumphs at Ascot for £3,000, and it is understood that £7,000 was refused for him after that meeting. On Monday Lowlander was ostensibly put in at 2,000 guineas, and the hammer fell at 2,900 guineas, without his reserve being reached. Talisman is not unlikely to turn out a cheap purchase to Mr. F. André at 900 guineas, which is not half what his late owner gave Henry Jennings for him this time twelve months. The Ghost, on the other hand, realised within a "century" of the 1,200 guineas Mr. Tattersall obtained for him at two years old, and he returns to Blanton's stable, accompanied by Covenanter. Concha's destination did not transpire, but he was evidently bought on commission.

THE PROPERTY OF CAPTAIN A. PAGET.

	Gs.
Chieftain, 5 yrs, by Mandrake—The Thane (Colonel Byrne)	220
Roehampton, 3 yrs, by Lord Clifden—Summer's Eve (Mr. John Hanbury)	300
Combination, 2 yrs, by Distin—The Selected (Mr. H. M. Rudd)	25
THE PROPERTY OF MR. J. JOHNSTONE.	
Charles Edward, 3 yrs, by Pretender—Lady Ripon (Mr. Spencer)	200
King's Lynn, 3 yrs, by The Palmer—Etoile du Nord (Mr. Budd)	50
THE PROPERTY OF MR. H. BIRD.	
Talisman (late Figaro II), 5 yrs, by Le Sarazin—La Fortune (Mr. F. André)	900
The Ghost, 4 yrs, by Suffolk—Fiction (Mr. Blanton)	1250
Concha, 3 yrs, by Asteroid—Arapeile (Mr. N. Mason)	900
Nap, 2 yrs, by Macaroni—Slumber (Mr. Miller)	320
Charles Edward, 2 yrs, by Broomielaw or Darlie (Mr. T. Jefferson)	85

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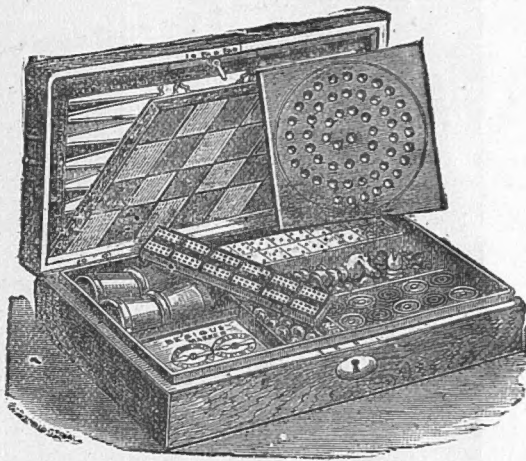
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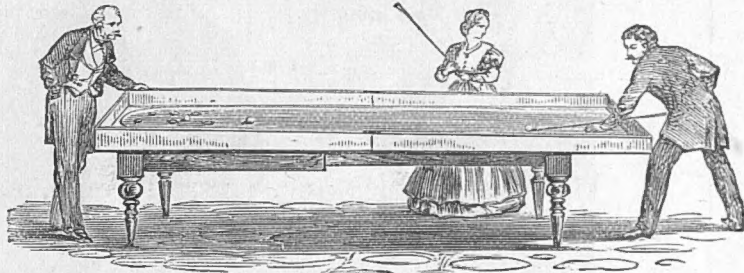
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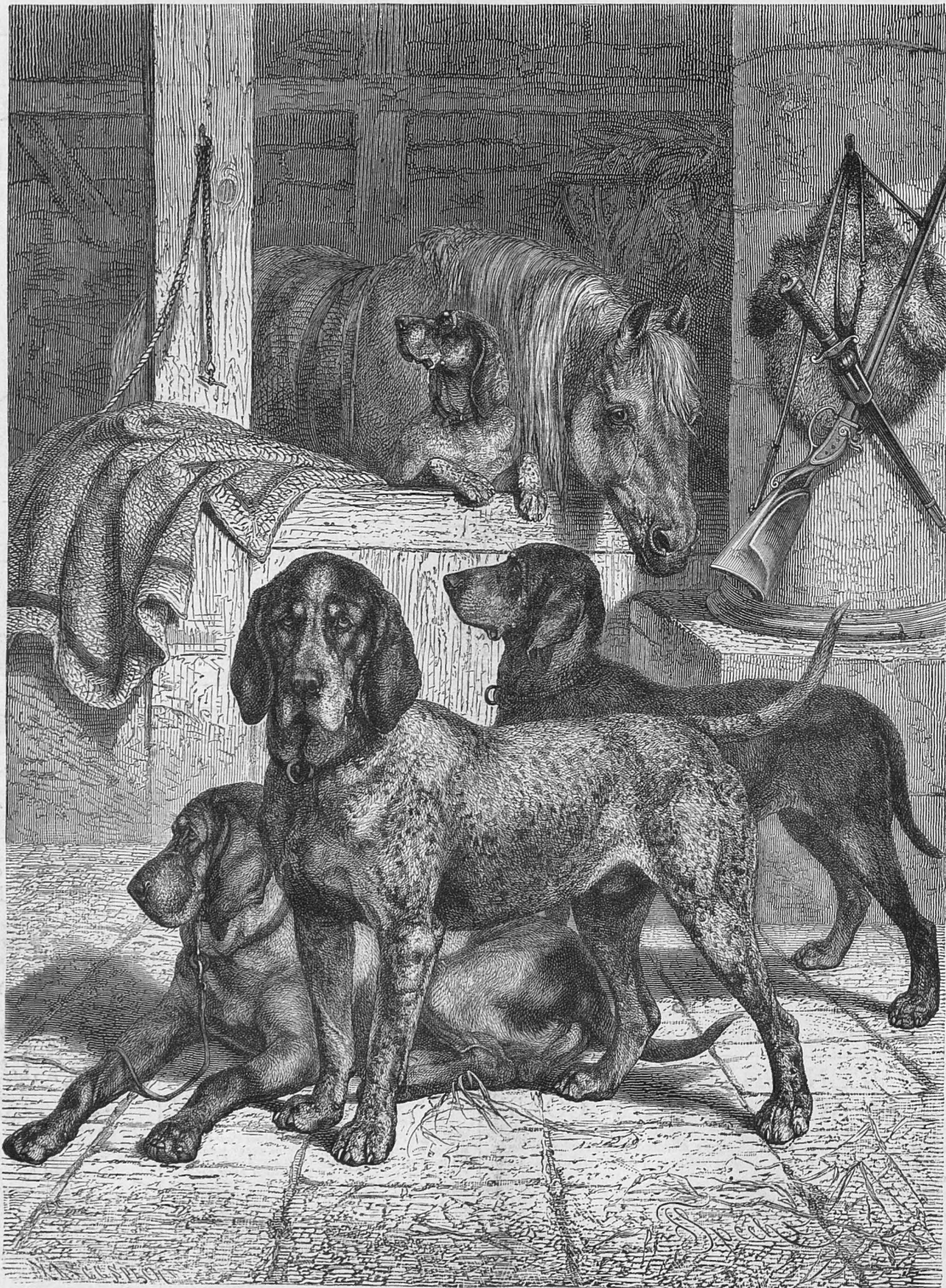
POULTRY AND PIGEON SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE "Great National Poultry and Pigeon Show," at the Crystal Palace, is recognised as one of the most attractive exhibitions of the kind, there being a total of 4,000 entries—poultry about 2,600, pigeons 1,400. The Dorking classes had 212 entries, the largest class being that for coloured cockerels, which had 46. The pullets were 35. Silver-greys being not quite so numerous; in cuckoos there was an increase of two. Cochins showed an increase, the buff pullets having 38 entries, cockerels 26, white pullets 22, cockerels 20, and black pullets 21. Of Langshans, the

young class had 27 entries. In the Brahmas there was a falling-off, especially in the darks, which showed a decrease of 63 entries; the lights were about the same as last year, dark cocks 20, hens 25, cockerels 41, mottle-breasted 22, pullets 71, light cocks 14, hens 30, cockerels 74, pullets 85. Spanish were nearly the same as last year. In the French, the best-filled class was that for Houdan pullets, with 32. Hamburgs and game were unchanged. Malays were 16, and Polish average nearly 12 in a class. In Leghorns, the browns again beat the whites. Andalusians were 19. Silkies were 6. The selling classes were large—Cocks 86, hens 97, pairs 69. All the bantam classes, except the white-booted, were well filled, the most numerous being the black-red game cocks

40, hens 36, and the blacks 29. The two special untrimmed classes were also well filled. Geese 14, turkey cockerels 17.

In the pigeons, the entries were very numerous. Pouters mustered 136 entries, the most numerous class being that for young cocks, which mustered 21; pigmy pouters were 22. Carriers were over 200, the class for young black cocks mustering 35. Dragons were about 180, the class for young blue or silver being 25, and for old blue cocks 24. Tumblers were 90, headed by young almonds with 14. Barbs were 60 in number, young hens heading the list with 13. Jacks mustered no less than 135, there being 30 red cocks. Fantails were about 50 in number. Nuns and Trumpeters failures. Owls mustered over 60, Turbits 50.



"IN WAITING."

The classes for Magpies, Archangels, and Runts were not well filled, and short-faced Antwerps were not numerous. The Homing classes were all well filled, there being about 60 in the two ordinary classes, and more than that number in the two classes of birds. More than once the judges were so puzzled by the equality in merit, that they expressed a desire to give three first prizes instead of the usual sequence. A special feature in this division of the show is the prizes for "Homing Antwerps." All the prize birds were liberated on Wednesday about noon, and only those which were returned before the show closed on Friday received their prizes. To enter into details of the prize list would be impossible,

or, independent of money prizes, no less than seventy-seven cups were distributed. The judges were, for poultry—Mr. J. Dixon, Mr. E. Hewitt, Mr. J. H. Smith, Mr. R. Teebay, Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier, and Mr. W. J. Nichols; and for pigeons—Mr. Cannon, Mr. T. J. Charlton, Mr. E. Corker, Mr. F. Esquilant, Mr. Matthew Stewart, and Mr. P. H. Jones. The stewards (Mr. Harvey Prior and Mr. F. Crook) and the honorary secretary (Mr. C. Howard) were indefatigable in their efforts to attain success, and they have reached the result they deserved.

Our illustrations of this show, which appear on another page, are as follows:—No. 1. Mr. R. A. Boissier's cup prize white

Cochin fowl. No. 2. Miss H. A. Sivewright's first prize Langshau. No. 3. Mr. R. R. Fowler's cup prize white Leghorn fowl. No. 4. Miss Hales's second prize Brahma pullet. No. 5. Mrs. A. Radcliffe's turkey highly commended. No. 6. Rev. W. Sargeantson's first prize fantail pigeon. No. 7. Mr. E. E. M. Royd's first prize red Jacobin. No. 8. Mr. R. Fulton's first prize white pouter pigeon. No. 9. Mr. J. Walker's first prize Aylesbury. No. 10. Mr. W. Evans's second prize Rouen. Nos. 11 and 12. Mr. W. Jacobs's Aylesbury ducks. No. 13. Mr. R. R. Fowler's cup prize white goose. Nos. 14 and 15. Mr. J. Walker's second prize grey geese.